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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Ickes, Welles and Pittman

We agree with what Secretary Ickes said about Germany; we are glad he said it; we believe most other Americans feel the same way. We do not see how Mr. Sumner Welles could have apologized for it on the demand of Hitler's emissary; if he had done so there would have been a suppression of wrath in this country that might have broken out in a more dangerous way. But there is a possibility of overdoing this sort of thing. After all we don't want to give the impression of small boys calling names. There comes a time when dignity demands doing more or saying less. These reflections arose in us when we read the brief statement that "the people of the United States do not like" the totalitarian governments, given out by Senator Pittman, chairman of the Senate's Committee on Foreign Relations. The statement was uncalled for and apropos of nothing in particular. And it makes our flesh begin to crawl when we read that "the people of the United States have the right and power to enforce morality and justice."

Praise from Sir Hubert

The strange case of Dr. Coster and Mr. Hyde is disappearing from the newspapers too soon, we think, for the munitions angle has still to be fully investigated. Meanwhile there are other aspects of the case that have been somewhat neglected in the press. What about the bankers who used financial pressure to force small but well established local wholesalers to sell out to the drug combine that Coster headed? One government official claimed that the bankers acted "with full knowledge of his actual identity." What about the help given by Coster's associates to Senator Tydings' primary campaign in Maryland? The wholesale dealers in castor oil were fighting the purge. And what about Coster's great blast at the New Deal? In his last annual report to stockholders of McKesson and Robbins, he complained that the "epidemic of strikes following the enactment of the Wagner Labor Relations Act spread to our industry."—"This business," he said, "is firmly established . . . but it is struggling under an oppressive load of government regulatory measures and taxation." His hatred of government regulatory measures was praise from Sir Hubert. If it had not been for one government commission—the SEC—the public might never have known that McKesson and Robbins had somehow lost $21,000,000 of its assets.

Results at Lima

The United States has won a victory in the Lima Conference, though it is only a small one. After much delay and great difficulty, the nations there represented have approved a declaration of solidarity and of "American Principles." These say in general that any foreign threat to one country is the common concern of all and that the nations in this hemisphere pledge themselves to abjure the use of force in settling their disputes. These amiable sentiments may mean much or little, according to how they are carried out. While the American press describes the result as a great victory for Mr. Hull, and some Europeans suggest this coun-

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try has adopted "collective security," the fact is that the most important issues in Pan-American relations were all evaded and that the declaration of solidarity had to be written and rewritten before the Latins would accept it. The spearhead of the opposition was the Argentine Republic, which is influenced not only by the fascist dictators, as Mr. Stoney points out in this issue, but by Great Britain as well, with whom her economic ties are close. In Latin America as a whole, Nazism has lost favor because of its recent brutal treatment of the Jews; but this does not mean that the Latin republics are prepared to throw themselves into Uncle Sam's arms. If we want their friendship, we shall have to earn it by practising, as well as preaching, the doctrine of the Good Neighbor.

13,000 Airplanes

The reported intention of the President to ask for an army air force of 10,000 planes is disturbing if true. As recently as last October, Major General Henry H. Arnold, Chief of Air Corps, termed the Baker Board's recommendation of 2,320 planes "a very good figure as things now stand." This total, as well as the navy's present maximum of 3,000 planes, has not yet been attained. A sudden upfling in the figures at the present time, based apparently on nothing more substantial than a desire to equal Germany or some other power, hardly takes into account any strategical realities. We do not have to equal the airplane strength of foreign countries because no great European or Asiatic power can make its full air strength effective on our side of the intervening ocean.

The principles affecting our air strength have been repeatedly pointed out by responsible officers of both services, as well as by such authorities as Hanson Baldwin of The New York Times and Major George F. Eliot. There is a case for a slight increase in the army air force if we are going to have suddenly to reinforce a threatened Latin American nation; and there is a case, in the interest of inter-service amity, for giving the army parity with the navy. There is no case for such wasteful extravagance as hastily building up 10,000 army airplanes. This means simply a tremendous accumulation of material which becomes so rapidly obsolete that the first deliveries for such a program would be out of date before the last were received.

It is difficult to avoid the suspicion that behind this reported desire for a huge air force is a desire to give some measure of support to the British position vis-a-vis Germany; in other words, to build up here the British air reserve which Britain cannot build herself. If so, this is dangerous playing with fire. It is another example of the necessity for the coördination of our military and foreign policies. Certainly, if we are going to go to war to defend Britain and France on the shores or in the air of Europe, we shall need 10,000 or 13,000 planes and more too. But are we?

France and "Appeasement"

By a safe but not an overwhelming margin, the French Socialists have supported Léon Blum in his demand for a coalition among the United States, Great Britain, France and the Soviet Union. The vote was 4,322 in favor, 2,837 opposed and 1,004 not voting. The alternative policy suggested was for the Socialists to approve the peace of Munich as the only escape from war, and to cling to historic socialist principles of disarmament, pacifism and no alliances. Blum, in a stirring speech, warned the Socialists that collective security has disappeared, the League of Nations is gone and that the threat of the dictators is not to be answered by making concessions.

The realism and firmness of Blum's appeal is in strong contrast to the general attitude of the Daladier government. We can sympathize with only one recent expression by Daladier, which was to ask (in an unpublished document) that neither Chamberlain nor Hitler should act as mediator in the present Italian-French dispute. Daladier had first-hand experience, at Munich, as to the kind of mediation these gentlemen perform. The Laval-Mussolini agreement of 1935 has been denounced by Italy; since that agreement gave her about 44,000 square miles of territory in Libya and Somaliland, the conclusion is obvious that Mussolini expects by his present bullying tactics to win even more. France will have to threaten war, and be prepared to carry out her threat, or else yield to some or all of the various Italian demands for Jibuti, Tunisia, Corsica and a share in the control of Suez. Even Chamberlain must soon realize what a dismal failure the policy of appeasement is turning out to be.

Wheat for Spain

If anyone deserves to be happy at this New Year season, it is Ernst Toller. This brilliant exiled German author and publicist has just seen his efforts on behalf of the starving civilians in Spain crowned with success. The United States government has announced that it will send a maximum of 3,000,000 bushels of wheat to Spain, enough for 600,000 barrels of flour, doing so at the rate of 500,000 bushels a month for six months. The Surplus Commodities Corporation will buy it from the farmers at the market price, and turn it over at a nominal figure to the Red Cross. The Red Cross in turn will pass it on to the Service Committee of the Society of Friends (the Quakers) for distribution according to need, in Loyalist and Rebel Spain alike. The British government is planning similar measures; its foodstuffs will also be distributed by the Friends, and not, as newspaper dispatches said, by the League of Nations Commission (which feeds only refugees and lets you go hungry if you are not in that technical classification). The Scandinavian countries have already promised Mr. Toller that they will help, and official confirmation may

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be expected early this year. In all cases, governments are asked to donate surplus foods with which their home market is glutted.

Mr. Toller's amazing success is fresh proof of the power of a man with an idea, when conditions are propitious. A few months ago he started out without money, influence or anything else except the desire to help the hungry Spanish victims. He was told that his project was hopeless; but he persisted, and today he deserves the gratitude of the world for a magnificent job.

Mr. Shuster's Defense

The chief virtue of the article by Mr. George N. Shuster in this issue of The New Republic, entitled "A Catholic Defends His Church," is that it shows there are many Catholics who are anti-Fascist, pro-democratic and generally liberal in politics. This is a point that was made by The New Republic in introducing the Lehmann articles, and it was made both by Mr. George Seldes and Mr. Lehmann in the articles which Mr. Shuster criticizes. But Mr. Shuster puts the rest of us in a rather difficult position. He seems to say, "Don't attack those Catholics who are pro-Fascist and anti-democratic and unprogressive, no matter how dangerous they become, because in so doing you increase the solidarity of Catholics as a minority sensitive to criticism and reacting only by irrational defense-mechanisms." But surely somebody—other than bigoted fanatics—must tell the truth about them. We should prefer to treat the reactionary Catholics just as we treat non-Catholics with whom we disagree, as if they were not part of a sensitive minority, but persons amenable to reason and within the realm of free discourse and debate. Our chief purpose in introducing the whole subject was to break the taboo that has surrounded it. But we will make an agreement with Mr. Shuster. As soon as enough open opposition within Catholic ranks in this country arises to the political activities that seem to us dangerous, we shall confine ourselves to defending Catholics against unjust oppression and praising their good works.

Their Country, White or Red

The Russian Whites are fighting among themselves. Many have become loyal citizens of the countries where they are now living, and many have turned pink after making their separate peace with the Soviets. There were hundreds of the second type in Spain, serving with the International Brigades. But among the other Russian Whites—those who regard themselves as a people in exile—there is a sharp division between class feeling and national feeling. Some are Whites primarily, and are willing to enlist under Hitler, Franco, the Mikado or anybody else who, they feel, is fighting for their class interests. Some are Russians first of all, and will help no enemy of Russia.

It was during the week before Christmas that this opposition came into the open. On the afternoon of December 19, "Tsar" Vladimir, the Russian pretender, left Paris for Germany. His ostensible purpose was to visit his sister, but there was a rumor from Berlin—where all newspaper rumors are official—to the effect that he was going to have an interview with Hitler and was going to be offered the nonexistent crown of the Ukraine. That same evening General Denikin, once commander-in-chief of the White armies, spoke to a big audience in the Salle Pleyel. "White or Red," he barked, "our fatherland remains our fatherland. Whoever may aid Russia's enemies cannot call himself a patriot, no matter what ideological excuses he may use for taking money to fight his own people."

Denikin produced documents and named names. The man he particularly abused was General Turkul, expelled from France for aiding the German secret service and now training a White Russian Legion to aid Hitler in his drive to the east. The aim of that drive, said Denikin, was not so much to conquer the Ukraine as to seize the great Baku oilfield. Where oil is, there is the fatherland. . . . Rumors have been spread that Germany and Russia might form an alliance. These rumors are now disproved by the march of events. Hitler is planning to attack, and the British Tories are cheering him on. When the war comes, there will be Russian exiles fighting and dying on both sides of No Man's Land.

News Notes of a Week

Franco's long awaited offensive has begun in Spain. A noteworthy fact is that whereas his previous offensives have gained ground rapidly, this one in its opening stages went slowly. . . . Reports from China say that the recent British and American credits to Chiang Kai-shek came after he had bluntly told these two countries if he were not helped he would either (1) go over completely to Soviet Russia or (2) make the best terms he could with Japan. In spite of the credits, there were persistent rumors that a Chinese spokesman was seeking to discuss armistice terms with the Japanese. . . . The Duchess of Atholl, critic of Chamberlain's foreign policy especially as regards Spain, was defeated in a strongly conservative district in Scotland; the voters evidently decided she had turned Liberal. . . . Anti-Jewish restrictions in Fascist and Fascist-influenced countries continued to mount. Danzig ordered the expulsion of its entire Jewish population by April 1, permitting each exile to take out only $20.

The President nominated Harry Hopkins for Secretary of Commerce, despite the roars of the conservatives that he would never be confirmed. Aubrey Williams, logical successor of Hopkins, was passed over in favor of Colonel F. C. Harrington. Williams is to head an expanded National Youth Administration. . . . The Department of Justice, in accordance with its announced

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intention of some months ago, obtained an indictment of the American Medical Association under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. . . . The President's committee on the railroads made a curious report demanding less government regulation, more government money and a Transportation Board to control all types of carriers.

The Job for Congress

WHEN THE NEW CONGRESS assembles, what should it do? It contains many new Republican members some of whom are said to have liberal tendencies. It still has a workable Democratic majority, which ought to be sufficient to enact an administration program if this country really enjoyed responsible party government. But there is a danger that the conservative Democrats will unite with the Republicans to attack the prestige of the administration. Congress may spend its precious time passing resolutions against a third term, filibustering against anti-lynching legislation, cutting down relief, trying to block confirmation of Secretary of Commerce Hopkins, amending the Wagner Act. In these circumstances it is perhaps wise strategy for the President to let it be understood that this time he will merely outline the measures which he favors, letting Congress write its own bills and take responsibility for its own success or failure.

It would be a pity, however, if Congress did spend time in trying to smear the New Deal when so many legislative jobs are awaiting intelligent action. Let us briefly list a few.

One of the first responsibilities will be to pass upon an adequate defense program. The outlines of this are clear. It should include appropriations for speeding up naval building already authorized—but for little in addition—and for supplying the army with necessary modern weapons, equipment and coast defenses. It might well authorize building the Nicaragua Canal. It should with determination veto rapid building of an army air force larger than that authorized in the Baker report, or any great increase in army personnel, or subsidies to bankrupt railroads, utilities or even to purposes worthy in themselves, under the false guise of military defense.

Next comes the economic task facing the country. We are at present enjoying a recovery similar to that of 1937—one based primarily on expansion of consumers'-goods industries, without that increase of capital investment which can make it last long. The three great channels of investment which have made us prosperous in the past but now seem blocked are railroads, utilities and building construction. There is no appreciable lag in investment in manufacturing industry. The railroad problem is a difficult one to solve quickly; this Congress probably cannot make more than a beginning at it. The utility investment problem awaits unscrambling of corporation finances and a more coöperative attitude on the part of the moving spirits of the industry. The less they move, the more rapidly we shall be forced into public ownership and operation. But that, again, is a slow process. We can, however, do something about building construction and do it now. We have already made a beginning with the USHA. Here is the place into which to pour governmental subsidies—which after all are largely self-liquidating. Further improvements in the law would release a good deal of private capital in the course of time—a guarantee of 100 percent of the investment in the case of public housing projects, and removal of the requirement that the cost per room must be below a certain figure. If housing can be sufficiently stimulated, we shall have gone far to absorb unemployment.

One more thing is essential for real recovery—adoption of the policy of large sales and low prices in industries making capital goods. The government should bring to bear every possible pressure toward this end. It can do so, first, through purchases made by it or under its authorization, as in national defense, public works and housing. It can do so, second, through the monopoly inquiry, by turning the light upon artificial price restriction and output control. Congress, as fast as hints come to it from this inquiry, can take the appropriate action. It already has a clear lead in the glass-container industry, where patents have been used for monopoly purposes to the public disadvantage. Before long it may have another lead in the case of the manufacturers and dealers in building materials.

Next, Congress can do nothing more useful than to undertake a thorough overhauling of the Social Security Act, not as a concession to Townsendism, but in the spirit of the recommendations made by Abraham Epstein in his article in this issue of The New Republic.

Congress ought also to take up on its own initiative the proposal for reorganization of the executive department which it turned down last time in order to slap the President's face. It is a good proposal, with minor flaws. An essential part is to establish a permanent, full-time governmental planning commission. Congress could do no better in setting up such a body than to follow the plan of Senator La Follette, elaborated before Mr. Roosevelt came into office, for a National Economic Council.

One thing Congress should do as soon as it convenes is to abolish the embargo on shipments of arms to Spain. It can do this without touching the Neutrality Act simply by repealing the special resolution which, at the request of the President, imposed the embargo. It should refuse to amend the Neutrality Act, as the President and State Department desire, by giving him discretion to apply it only against "aggressors," but it ought to amend the act by allowing shipments of munitions, on the cash-and-carry basis, to constitutional democratic governments dealing with rebellions.

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If Congress still had time, there are many other things it ought to do. It ought, for instance, to remove indirect taxes bearing on the poor, while broadening the base of the income tax. It ought to strengthen the TVA and extend the same process to other regions.

We have omitted mention of the agricultural problem, not because it is not important, but because the only way to tackle it, beyond such emergency measures as have already been undertaken, is to enlarge the domestic market by increasing employment in industry and trade.

Will Congress live up to its responsibilities by getting through even a third of the work it ought to do? We doubt it. But at least any member who has the slightest conception of the enormous amount of legislation required may be restrained from merely obstructive and time-wasting politics.

Rumania Decides

THE NEXT FEW WEEKS may be of great importance in European international affairs. Rumania, which holds the key to the whole situation in the Danube Basin, is faced with the momentous task of deciding whether to cast in her lot with Germany or with Soviet Russia. The decision may have been made already, and certainly it cannot be long postponed.

No one need have any illusions about the degree of devotion to democracy that exists in King Carol's government. Rumania is and long has been virtually a fascist state. The struggle has been between the native variety and that imported from Germany. If Carol should decide, or has decided, to go over to Soviet Russia, it would be on a solid basis of self-interest.

After Munich, it became the fashion to say that Hitler no longer would encounter any opposition in his drive down the Danube Valley. So far as England and France are concerned, that statement still seems to be true, or very nearly true. But there are other factors to be considered. Already we see the beginning of what looks like a challenging East European bloc.

More and more it seems probable that Hitler is sticking to his original intention, and hopes to seize the Ukraine from Soviet Russia. Poland, however, instead of being a partner in and beneficiary from the crime, now seems likely to be one of the victims. Germany's campaign has begun with an inspired propaganda drive for Ukrainian independence. To the millions of Ukrainians (or Ruthenians or "little Russians") in the USSR must be added large numbers in Poland. The Poles, with a justified fear that Hitler intends to dismember their country, have promptly aligned themselves with Soviet Russia.

But Rumania, also, has much to lose. Rumania has about 2,000,000 Ukrainians as well as 1,500,000 Magyars, the latter owing natural allegiance to Hungary. Rumania more than doubled her size at the end of the Great War. She took from Hungary a vast territory, Transylvania and the Banat. She took from Russia all of Bessarabia as far as the Dniester River.

The insignificant part of Hungary that was lost to Czecho-Slovakia is nothing compared with what was seized by Rumania, and the Hungarians would need small encouragement from Hitler to attempt to get back the captured provinces by force. Der Führer would have little to lose by encouraging such a project; the more the Danubian countries exhaust themselves in struggling with each other, the better his prospects become.

King Carol recently went to the West trying to sell his country to the highest bidder. In London he got no satisfaction; in Germany, he was all but openly insulted by Hitler. He returned home, and the killing of the Iron Guard leaders, and the strengthening of his own position, promptly followed.

To be sure, in considering an alliance with Soviet Russia, the question must be answered whether her internal conditions are such that she could wage war effectively. Many people in England and France will tell you that they are not, and will seek thus to excuse what happened at Munich. It is significant, however, that those nations closest to the Soviet border, nations which should know most of what is going on, apparently feel deep respect for the military strength of the USSR. Poland has shown this by her recent actions; and it is obvious that if Carol believed the Russians to be helpless, he would have rushed to Germany and made friends with Hitler on Der Führer's own terms.

It is too early to say that an East European bloc now exists which is prepared to challenge Hitler's strength. It is not too early, however, to point out that the myth of Germany's invulnerability has been punctured. In the light of these facts, the Chamberlain policy seems all the more unwise, all the more unnecessary.

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A Catholic Defends His Church

WHEN I WAS A BOY in Wisconsin, names it is pretty hard to forget used to come sailing toward us who were Catholics. They had real meanings, too, in terms of everyday life. That is one reason why I have ever since deplored every kind of emotional animosity based on slogans and scraps of history. That is also why I have striven to be what is currently termed "liberal," but what might doubtless be better defined as resolution not to suspect the integrity of other people's consciences while safeguarding one's own convictions. And since there now appears to be some danger lest we in America start again to throw the vocabulary at one another's heads—in particular that the word "Fascist" may take the place of some of the juicier terms of yore—it can do no harm to restate a personal creed. This is done here without any desire to achieve any such more general purpose as adding to the popularity of the Catholic Church. It is evident to me from long experience that even if I managed somehow to raise a weak cheer for that church, somebody might be impelled by headstrong orthodoxy to quell the uprising. All that is said here is therefore strictly private.

What is a "Fascist"? Mr. George Seldes is sometimes a writer who not only plays bridge with himself but stacks the cards in addition. Or should one say, perhaps, that his paper on Catholic "Fascism" in Europe [The New Republic, November 9] is just another case of myopia induced by the prevailing emotional unsettlement? Anyhow the argument in that paper is: the decisive struggle of our time is that between democracy and oppression in Spain; the Catholic Church has endorsed the forces of oppression; and therefore that church (except for isolated individuals in France) is the enemy of democracy. The inference is, of course, that the friends of free institutions in this country must look upon the Church as a hostile force—an inference which is as old as the history of intolerance in this republic, though the reasoning which supports it may be new.

Is the struggle in Spain the really decisive issue? And are Catholics in Europe drawn up in columns of squads behind General Franco? During the past eight years I have been abroad a good deal, and may perhaps safely suggest that few Americans have been in closer touch with men and women whose business it is to know the Catholic situation. And I maintain with all possible emphasis that the answers to both queries are negative. The tragedy of Spain is stark indeed, but it does not differ essentially from the tragedy that engulfs the whole of Europe. Catholics everywhere see not merely that their rights and liberties are threatened with extinction, but that the very concepts of right and liberty are hanging by a thread. Why? Not by reason of what is happening in Spain, but because of the triumph of militarized oppression in Central Europe. To judge their attitude correctly, one must observe their conduct in the only three Continental nations where they any longer exercise influence on government—Holland, Belgium and Switzerland. How Mr. Seldes or anybody else can write about Catholic Europe without paying tribute to *their* vigorous and fervent resistance to anti-democratic autocracy is a mystery to me. Instead he gives an utterly biased account of what happened in Austria—an account against which I protest though space compels me to be satisfied with that.

Rome itself has never, privately or publicly, left any enquirer in doubt that the religious and ethical fate of Germany is uppermost in its own mind. To this fate there was devoted the most unflinchingly outspoken Encyclical signed by a Pope in seventy years; a firm and to some extent surprising declaration of teaching on racism; and any number of pointed personal observations by the aged Pontiff. One is violating no confidence when one says that the diplomatic offices of the Vatican have expended more time and care on the problems created by Hitler than on the rest of Europe's worries combined.

On the second question I consulted in every country eminent Catholic sociologists, clerical and lay, who possess first-hand knowledge of Spain. Only one was in favor of Franco: only one felt that religion or anything else would profit by an Insurgent victory. Some of the others sympathized with the Loyalists, but the majority believed (with Madariaga) that Spain would recover only if some way were found of arbitrating the dispute. There is not a single religious order in Europe which is not similarly divided on the question. The attitude of Rome itself was based, of course, upon the stand taken by the bishops of the country, just as its decision to enter into a Concordat with Hitler was reached upon the basis of advice from Germany. No other possible course of action is conceivable, unless Mr. Seldes and his brethren suppose that ultra-ultra dictatorship would be a desirable Catholic establishment.

Whether the Spanish bishops acted correctly or not is, of course, another question. Without trying to answer it here, one may observe that their decision, whether pro or con, would have made an entirely different impression had it not been for the Communists. Against these there must be urged less their doctrines than their bottomless asininity. Catholics might have succeeded, with the Social Democrats, in building up a solid social order in Germany had it not been for this aggregation of incredible nitwits, whose agitators switched from Thälmann to Hitler in accordance with the supply of funds; who believed that if they put the great Adolf into power they would oust him again with

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a bang in three months; and whose blundering sabotage of resistance in the final days was the heaviest blow labor has received in the whole of modern history. Many German Communists are very nice people. This does not, however, alter the fact that the only movement which ever rivaled theirs for inanity and confusion of divers kinds was that of the Rosicrucians.

In Spain the situation was undoubtedly similar. I myself stand with those Spanish Republicans who believe that a major source of the tragedy was Moscow's theory that if the "opposition" could be forced into an uprising, dictatorship of the proletariat would follow on a silver platter. The Communists did not realize, any more than did their German team-mates, that theirs was a crude and bloody gamble. Accordingly I find it quite intelligible that the Spanish hierarchy should have decided, if only out of respect for common sense, to choose the other side. Naturally that does not minimize in the least the calamity that stares us all in the face if fascism wins in Spain. There are a hundred good books by European Catholics on the social evolution of the Spanish people, and not a single one of them has ever advocated any other program than the democratic emancipation of the worker, the peasant and—yes—the priest. For my own part, I stand with those books today; but I am not prepared to guarantee that, had I been a Spanish bishop, I would under the circumstances then prevailing have been proof against Falangist temptations. That the bishops themselves are not blind to the present danger is moreover shown by their recent declarations on Franco policy.

We now come to the situation created in the United States largely as a direct result of what has occurred in Spain. What has brought about the extraordinary outward semblance of unanimity among Catholics regarding Franco? I may say in passing that I am not interested in idle gossip as to whether there is a Catholic plot to control the press and curb free speech. In the first place, such a "plot" would, if it existed, be no different in quality from and no less certainly doomed to failure than was the prohibition plot, which nobody has as yet identified with Hitler and Il Duce. In the second place, it does not exist, any more than does Jewish control of the newspapers, latterly advertised so eloquently from Detroit.

Why have Catholics plumped so heavily for Franco, and what does their stand mean? When Mr. Hoover issued a statement on the German pogroms, he reminded us, with the tact so characteristic of him on such occasions, that nothing similar had happened "since Torquemada." At a moment when it was essential to emphasize American moral solidarity, the ex-President appealed to a source of age-old bitter controversy. Of course few non-Catholics noticed it at all. But to their Catholic fellow citizens this was just another deadly minority-itis germ, and they are dreadfully ill with the disease already. Surely it is high time to suggest that for comparisons it is hardly necessary to go back as far as Torquemada . . . and that, after all, Catholics are the ones who got it in the neck in the good old Inquisition days. For every Jew, they lost three respectable citizens. They even offered up the great Jeanne d'Arc.

The Spanish civil war is, more than any other similar war in history, an affair between Catholics. Why have we in America not seen this? Why have Catholics been willing to class even the heroic Basque clergy among the "Reds"? The reason is quite simply that they feel, in some respects very justifiably, that whatever concerns their brethren in other countries is ignored, and that they themselves are endangered here. This feeling is based in the main on three events: the great shock of the 1928 elections, the failure of efforts to aid the Church in Mexico and the prevailing lack of sympathy for the sufferings of religious elements in Russia. Prior to 1928 there was abroad among American Catholics a constructive spirit, which found a partial expression in the episcopal statement on social reorganization issued in 1919. Afterward a great change set in, which the observer could almost chart from month to month. Bound up with this disillusionment—the result not of a lost election but of triumphant bigotry—is the history of the Mexican question.

I know there is a good deal of room for argument about Mexico. I shall admit further that Catholics opened their campaign most inexpertly, with little regard for strategy or psychology. Being in the main a proletarian group (which is at once their strength and their weakness), they lacked the coördination that is needed for good propaganda. Even so there is no possible excuse for the callousness with which American journalism and American opinion treated the spoliation of the Church by gentry whose very manifestos belied all democratic or moral intent. Granted that a Mexican nun was no more to the average Protestant than Hecuba to Hamlet's player. Yet that nun was, after all, a human being, and she meant a good deal to American Catholics. For the sake of the collective sanity some liberals might for once have afforded the admission that even she was entitled to ordinary human consideration. But excepting for a few venturesome Protestant clergymen, there was an ominous silence.

Even worse in some ways was a voguish attitude towards Russia. Once I met a professor just returned from a study of Soviet achievements. He discussed turbines, cattle, airplanes, machine guns, with expert efficiency. I presumed to ask whether he had studied the position of the clergy. "The clergy?" he asked with the scorn for which he is famed. "My dear sir, they never entered my mind!" But to us they meant something comparable to the priests we brought with us from the potato famine and the *Kulturkampf;* whom we fed out of our poverty during long adverse generations, when we toiled in Yankee mills and Western farms like

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slaves; and among whom we still number today some of the best of our sons. I have read catalogues of charges against the Russian clergy, most of which may be true. But they did not deserve, in their death agony, the flippant insults of vapid and insufferable college instructors.

Yes, even in Germany, where our history is immaculate and above reproach, where we have stood for every oppressed minority since the beginning of our own struggle for emancipation, where scores of our best have been hounded and beaten because they loathed the infamous treatment accorded the Jew—even there our history has been soft-pedaled and misread. If the reader will go back through the files of The New York Times, he will discover that at the very time our priests and laymen were feeling Nazi pressure most heavily, Mr. Birchall was reporting all quiet along the Rhine.

The result of all this was pent-up, smoldering resentment which flared high when the war in Spain got under way. This time, with thousands of priests and religious on the casualty lists, golden opportunity had come to every silver tongue. Some of us tried hard to advocate what I still think was a decent and democratic policy—the use of American influence to arbitrate the dispute. But the Catholic kettle had boiled over. Some had already marked with pins the Madrid avenues down which Franco would ride on a white horse—in two weeks. And the rest of America? Yes, there was a modicum of support; but the great tide had turned not toward any plan for shortening the days of evil, but towards belligerent advocacy of the Loyalist crusade for righteousness. This time the great American malady which had been steadying its grip since 1928 was in full bloom. Catholic resentment rose up against deeply ingrained non-Catholic instinct.

It is an ugly situation, not in the sense that overt trouble is brewing, but surely in the sense that our democracy is breaking up into self-conscious mutually antagonistic minorities. Catholics have minority-itis worse than at any other time in American history. Minority-itis is a disease with aspects that would be comic were they not also depressing. It is shocking, morally and intellectually shocking, that a Catholic priest should be willing to copy from the files of Dr. Goebbels a farcical document known as the "Protocols of the Fathers of Zion," and give nonsense from Blackrock College the status of historical fact. It is absurd, by all manner of means absurd, that there should be marshaled in Brooklyn, home of the most law-abiding and peaceable Catholic population in the world, a half-dozen would-be "Catholic Fascists," muttering gibberish worthy of a fat individual in "Henry IV."

But a disease has causes, and it also has effects. If this keeps on, we are headed toward a kind of three-cornered Ku Klux Klan. What is only a squabble now can easily enough become a fight. Naturally the outcome would not be in doubt; but there cannot be many Americans in any camp who would relish such a disturbance. Accordingly it may be no poor policy to suggest a few conceivable remedies. The first and most important is greater readiness to hear Catholic points of view—which are never just one point of view—not as adjuncts to a discussion, not as rebuttals to attacks, but as normal and integral parts of editorial and academic policy. After all, why build an intellectual ghetto for twenty million people?

GEORGE N. SHUSTER

How the Dictators Woo Argentina

IN THE DEADLOCK of the Lima Conference over the question of Pan-American solidarity, the Argentinian delegation has stood apart. Its country is willing to go as far as any other in the preservation of peace among the twenty-one republics. But the Argentine Republic long refused to join any convention or declaration that even mentioned the possibility of foreign military, economic or political aggression. The United States' delegates have hoped the Lima meeting would evolve some statement or pact to warn the Fascists that the Americas will act as a unit in opposing whatever designs Rome and Berlin may have upon South America. But the pronouncement eventually agreed upon was far from pointed. And the Argentine Republic's reluctance to participate in the manifesto of solidarity has caused much of the delay in Secretary Hull's plans.

Why did the Argentine Republic hang back? Part, though by no means all, of the reason is the careful campaign with which fascism woos the Argentinians.

I stood in the Plaza Italia in Buenos Aires, the country described in the tourist leaflets as "free from the political eruptions that distress the traveler in Europe." In the stalls on the edges of the Plaza, statues of Hitler, Mussolini and Franco were on sale. Nearly every newsstand had copies of Clarinada, with its cover cartoon of a fire-breathing, monster Communist. The magazine is the unofficial organ of the Nationalist Party, most powerful of Argentina's half-dozen Fascist parties. Professor Carlos M. Silveyra is the editor, a skillful anti-Red and Jew-baiter, who damns his enemy with quotations from "the famous Yankee work, 'The International Jew,'" by Henry Ford.

A street meeting was forming. Loud-speakers blared out the Argentinian national anthem. Six or seven uniformed men marched through a double column of boys dressed in gray shirts and Sam Browne belts and ascended the platform.

"Long live the Argentine Republic!" the speaker

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shouted. The crowd responded with the stiff-arm Fascist salute. "It is the duty of the youth of the Argentine Republic to show that they are alert to the Marxist danger," the speaker blared on. "We must assert ourselves to defeat the Jewish world revolution."

Buenos Aires has a larger Italian population than Rome; over half its 2,600,000 people are of that origin. Here Fascist organizations spring up naturally and are used by the government in its drive on "Communists" —a drive that produced 1,600 arrests between 1935 and 1937. "Communism" seems to be the crime of anyone who does things the government does not like. In the fall of 1937 a strike of the building-trade unions of the capital was broken when the police charged twenty of the leaders with "Communism" and shipped them out of town.

Though the Vargas coup in November, 1937, called attention to the rise of fascism in Brazil, the American press has given only meager inklings of its spread in the Argentine Republic. Just two days before the Vargas coup I watched a squad of Mussolini's crack bombers give an exhibition of stunt flying over Buenos Aires. The La Plata promenade was jammed with people out to see them. Dozens of Italian organizations were on parade. Radio stations, movie houses and newspapers turned most of their attention to laudatory comment.

Germans in the Argentine Republic are less numerous than Italians, yet, because of their intellectual leadership, propaganda from them has greater effect on the average Argentinian. Their Spanish broadcasts of world "news" relayed over Argentinian stations have increased more than 300 percent in the past three years.

For decades the Argentine Republic has been a refuge for Jews. They now make up about two percent of the population. Most of them are small merchants. About 30,000 are small farmers in the ICA refugee colonies. Their leadership has been not in business but in the arts. Until the Germans began their anti-Semitic campaign early in 1933, the Jews seemed to be welcome additions to the population. In the next year the Libertad Synagogue in Buenos Aires was attacked three times. It was bombed while Holy Day prayers were being said, and as the worshipers fled, they were attacked by a mob shouting, "Death to the Jews." Riots broke out also in the interior towns. Such incidents have now become almost commonplace.

Members of the Nationalist Party's anti-Semitic division (the "3-A," Acción Anti-Semita Argentina) spread their leaflets in the sidewalk cafés and railway stations. "It is a sign of progress," these boast, "that the Argentinians are heating the branding irons red hot to mark the buttocks of the Jews who infest the country."

The government has done some Jew-baiting itself. Last May eleven Jewish schools were closed for half a month and twenty-two teachers were imprisoned for "spreading Communist doctrines among the students" —none of whom was over thirteen years old.

"It is the same thing over again," an Austrian Jew said, smiling a little wearily at me across the café table. "Back in the old country if a Jew did not fight with his race he had nothing. I hated the fighting. I wanted to go where I could live like any other man. They tell me: 'In the Argentine Republic it is so.' I come." He shrugged and laughed again, trying to keep the bitterness out of his voice.

Last August six officers in the Argentinian army were decorated by Hitler (along with six Japanese officers) with the Order of the German Eagle. The army is largely German-trained and politically inspired. Two students of the national military college were my train companions on a five-hundred-mile trip inland. These boys, members of old Creole families, were ardent Nationalists. They were eager to have me realize the wonders of their country and, when the train passed through a cloud of locusts, were as embarrassed as though they were themselves responsible.

"Oh, the Nationalist Party is not Fascist," they assured me. Yet in the party manifesto I found such familiar Fascist features as: "The grouping of men in biological-sociological entities in the state"; recourse to arms to suppress the "red chaos"; the glorification of discipline; the corporate state. Also, "Nationalism will be successful only if it is Catholic," for in the interior the Catholic Church and the rich landowners are allies of the movement. They hold 90 percent of the usable land in huge plantations and their laborers seldom have even the security of tenancy.

As the train stopped at the small pampas towns, you were confronted with huge posters pasted up in the stations picturing the Loyalist soldiers of Spain hacking statues of the Virgin with picks. The schools are in the hands of the Church and its priests publish most of the commercial newspapers, where Franco is hailed as the champion of the Catholic faith.

The liberal forces in Argentinian national politics are split into three factions and last year they seemed completely impotent. It brought them little comfort when President Roberto Ortíz, in his inaugural address in February, pledged support to the principle of democracy. They knew his real stand when, at the same time, he pledged to "continue the policies of his predecessor" General Justo, who, since his party came to power by revolution, had been virtually a dictator. It is more difficult to say what one can expect from Ortíz in foreign relations, for Foreign Minister Carlos Saavedra Lamas, the Nobel Peace Prize winner who kept Justo clear of entanglements with the Fascist powers, is no longer in the Cabinet.

Nazi and Fascist propagandists are energetically wooing the Argentine Republic. The progressives there are somewhat stronger than they were a year ago. But they will have a hard time restoring democracy or even keeping their country from slipping into the Fascist ranks.

GEORGE C. STONEY

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Away from Social Insecurity

Mr. Epstein's article was written before the release, several days ago, of the report of the Advisory Council on Social Security, which advised changes in the Act partly in line with his proposals. – THE EDITORS

THE SOCIAL SECURITY ACT is again front-page news. The problems raised by this law will not be downed. Despite the canniest publicity campaign to persuade the American people that the act has ushered in security and peace of mind, there has arisen a conglomeration of utopias and lunacies in quest of security such as was never known before. Three years of the Social Security Act did not abate the terror of insecurity; on the contrary, it seems to have been intensified, as in California, where the myriad of flourishing cults seeking short-cuts to heaven have given way to a pedestrian trek toward "Ham and Eggs" on earth.

Disillusionment with the Social Security Act has led to widespread demands for amendments which the next Congress cannot ignore. What these changes should be, therefore, is of utmost importance. For months Washington-inspired dispatches filled the newspapers with hints of the changes contemplated by the administration. Subtly suggesting that "the main trouble with the social-security law is that it does not go far enough," these dispatches advocated the immediate extension of the act to everybody now excluded. This, it was asserted, would not only remedy the act's chief shortcomings but would serve as the best means of "heading off" the high-pressure crusaders of the lunatic fringe.

Since the chief defects of the insurance programs of the act are not their limited scope but their inherent incapacity to provide security, the mere extension of the existing provisions to newer groups would only aggravate the present difficulties. The imperative need is not immediate expansion but amendments to convert the direction of the act from insecurity to security.

Fundamentally, the difficulties of the insurance programs of the Social Security Act spring from the fact that in following the private-insurance philosophy of granting protection in proportion to ability to pay, they cannot achieve the social-insurance objective of a minimum base of support for old and unemployed workers. Thus, only those fortunate enough to earn $3,000 every single year for forty-three years will be entitled to the maximum annuity of $85 monthly. The average worker earning $100 monthly will be lucky if he accumulates a pension of about $30 a month after twenty years' work. Those who earn less than $100 a month may have to work an entire lifetime before they can get as much as $30 or $40 a month. Since there is no provision at all for a wife, moreover, unless she has been a wage-earner, an aged couple might have to share this meager sum.

The private-insurance principle works greater havoc in unemployment insurance. Instead of protecting workers who have earned the lowest wages, suffered the longest unemployment and are burdened with the largest number of dependents, our laws give the highest, longest benefits to those who have earned the best wages and suffered the least unemployment. Thus under one of the better laws, in New York for example, the worker who earned $1,440 or more in the preceding year may receive as much as $15 a week for sixteen weeks. But the unlucky worker who had the smallest and fewest pay envelopes may get as little as $21 for the entire year. Since most states have no absolute minimum like the $7 New York limit, an unemployed worker may get only a few cents a week or a few dollars for the entire year. Not only are the benefit amounts set in a vacuum but their short duration is just as unrealistic, since our major problem today is not one of seasonal unemployment but of continued mass idleness.

Another objective of social insurance—to replace charitable relief by self-respecting insurance benefits—is just as unattainable under our present program. As the overwhelming majority of workers will not receive adequate annuities for almost a generation to come, the needy aged will be compelled to seek supplementary support from relief agencies. By relating unemployment-insurance benefits to previous earnings, the neediest unemployed cannot escape relief at any time. Since, even without administrative delays, there is a waiting period of several weeks before payments begin, needy workers have to apply for relief immediately after losing their jobs. As these workers usually receive the smallest benefits they must have them supplemented with support from the relief authorities. And unless they obtain new jobs they must fall back on full relief at the end of their short benefit period. Thus the neediest workers must resort to relief, whether for the full or for only a supplementary amount, during the entire period of their unemployment. They must, in addition, endure the humiliating shunting back and forth from full relief to insurance and supplementary relief and back again to full relief. For both programs the government must maintain a variety of costly duplicating agencies to cater to the same person or family simultaneously.

Our present insurance systems not only fail to establish adequate and dignified care for the aged and unemployed, but their present financing scheme does not distribute the cost of old-age dependency and unemployment upon all elements of society. The government scrupulously avoids a contribution derived from progressive taxation. On the contrary, unlike all other gov-

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ernments, Washington places the burden exclusively upon the workers' wages and employers' payrolls and actually relieves the wealthiest groups from the share of the cost of dependency which, through the poor laws, they have carried for centuries. Since taxes on workers' wages directly reduce their purchasing power while taxes on payrolls, like other items in production costs, are added to prices and generally transferred to the consumers, it follows that the workers' purchasing power is reduced twofold, thereby increasing unemployment and preventing recovery.

The exclusive use of wage and payroll taxes for old-age and unemployment insurance thus involves merely a distribution of poverty among the poor. Such taxes also place a premium upon low wages and the displacement of labor. Moreover, to the extent that the insurance programs take out from the stream of purchasing power sums enormously larger than are spent in benefits, national insecurity is further aggravated. The story of these withdrawals is indeed astonishing:

Between January 1, 1936, and June 30, 1938, the federal government collected $2,067,000,000 from all social-security taxes, including the Railroad Retirement Act. During the same period it paid out only about $282,000,000 in all insurance benefits, thus withdrawing about $1,785,000,000 from the buying power of the workers. The old-age-insurance taxes strikingly show the contrast between taxes collected and benefits disbursed. In the first year and a half of their existence the government collected $708,892,000 and paid back less than $5,500,000 in lump-sum benefits to those who reached the age of sixty-five and to the estates of deceased insured. Thus for every dollar spent in paying lump-sum benefits, $130 of sorely needed purchasing power was withdrawn from consumption. In their eighteen months' existence the old-age-insurance taxes exceeded by over $80,000,000 all the federal money spent on all its grants-in-aid provisions, together with all the benefit payments under both insurance systems during the three years' operation of the act.

Administrative spokesmen can hardly deny that the withdrawal of such huge sums from the purchasing power of the masses is an important factor in the present depression. Washington has been acting on the premise that governmental spending increases purchasing power and is the best stimulus to recovery. Can it then consistently argue that recovery is unaffected when the government does the contrary?

The defects already discussed are common to both insurance programs in the Social Security Act. In addition each system raises its own grave problems. The old-age-insurance system imposes a back-breaking burden upon the younger people, especially the better paid ones, by placing the accrued liability for old-age dependency upon the shoulders of the working youth to the exclusion of the wealthy youth. The higher-paid young workers entering the system when the six-percent rate goes into effect in 1949 will, with their employers, pay a premium rate upwards of 40 percent above the private-insurance costs for the same benefits.

The incorporation of the full-reserve principle in our old-age-insurance program is not only contrary to all experience abroad but creates many grave problems of social policy. The principle of full reserves, indispensable to private insurance, is thoroughly inapplicable to social insurance because governmental insurance programs can never escape being on a "pay-as-you-go" basis. Belief that the maintenance of full reserves will lighten the future costs is utterly without foundation. For while reserves in private insurance are assets because they represent investments in government bonds, private factories, stores, buildings and farms, governmental reserves invested in its own securities are liabilities. Whereas a private insurance company draws interest outside its own policy-holders which supplements its income, the government merely spends the funds as fast as they come and in return deposits only its own IOU notes. Even the interest it sets aside to the reserve account on its ledger consists merely of additional IOU notes.

Now what do these notes mean for the future? The actuaries estimate that in 1980 the reserve account will amount to approximately $47,000,000,000. They also estimate that while the annuities due in 1980 will approximate $3,511,000,000 and the administrative costs $114,800,000, the payroll taxes that year will bring in only about $2,295,000,000. Will the needed balance be obtained by cutting a slice of the accumulated $47,000,000,000 reserve pie as would a private insurance company? Obviously not, since the government portfolios will contain not assets on factories, stores and farms but only its own IOU's. The government will meet the annuities due in 1980 simply by using the $2,295,000,000 coming from the six-percent payroll taxes and by levying or borrowing additional moneys to make up the $1,331,000,000 difference, which it will call "interest on the reserves." In other words, the additional money will come not from the reserve pie, which exists only as a fiction, but from other levies on practically the same people just as if the reserves had never existed. The excess of contributions over annuities all these years will thus merely be a forced gift of about $23,000,000,000 to the United States government, largely from the wage-earners of the nation, in order to reduce Treasury borrowings and avoid the necessity of levying new taxes upon other groups.

The present unemployment-insurance provisions not only prevent an equitable distribution of costs but they fail even to equalize the burden among states. The federal government in no way helps the less fortunate states. Although the incidence and intensity of unemployment bear no relation to state boundaries, the Social Security Act treats the problem of unemployment com-

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pletely on a state basis regardless of the ability or inability of each state to cope with the problem.

Administratively, no system could be clumsier than our fantastic and wasteful tax-credit device for unemployment insurance with its fifty-two duplicating tax systems. The scheme forces every employer to divide each tax dollar so that 90 cents goes to his state office and 10 cents to the federal government, only to have his state office rush the 90 cents immediately to the federal government and then beg the federal government for both the 90 cents and the 10 cents.

The above analysis demonstrates sufficiently that we must eliminate the major handicaps of the Social Security Act before it is extended to new groups. Indeed, though there is no theoretical reason for excluding any wage-earning group, the present costly and complicated administration makes its extension to domestic and farm laborers, the largest groups excluded, impossible. Moreover, since these groups have little to gain from the present insurance programs, their inclusion can well be postponed until the Act is improved and simplified.

What Congress cannot delay is the revamping of both our insurance plans to promote security instead of insecurity. Some of the most imperative changes needed in our old-age-insurance system are as follows:

Since its faulty financing base obstructs the path to old-age security and since no government can escape the cost of old-age dependency, the United States, like all other countries, must assume a definite share of such costs in order to distribute the burden among all classes of the population. If, for the present, the government cannot raise sufficient funds for this purpose exclusively from progressive taxation, it can still make a direct contribution from general revenues, or even by borrowing.

The retirement benefits in the plan's early years must be raised to a minimum around $30 monthly and extended to aged wives and widows of the insured. However, while there is urgent need for such a minimum in order to make the program effective, its applicability must be handled with caution. For while $30 monthly seems the least we can provide, the cost under our present program would be unduly burdensome. Unlike that of any other country, our system includes all salary-earners regardless of their income. This means that at least $360 a year, or nearly $5,000 during life expectancy, must be thrown away on annuities to thousands of high-salaried executives and their wives who do not need this money and who would never think of seeking government support. Such indiscriminate payments would be wicked waste at a time when the government is facing deficits and could use the money so much more effectively for the unemployed and other needy. Along with increased benefits, therefore, the insurance coverage should be limited to those earning up to $3,000 annually. The inclusion of higher-income groups serves no social purpose and overburdens the administration.

The program should also be promptly placed on a pay-as-you-go basis with, at most, small contingency reserves. Increases in the present rates should take effect only when further funds are necessary or if benefits are expanded and should not occur oftener than every five or ten years, instead of every three years as at present. The ultimate total contribution from workers and employers, now set at six percent, should not be allowed to go above four percent.

Urgent amendments to the unemployment-insurance system include the following: Instead of leaving the laws' standards to the whims of each state legislature, the act must require from each state minimum benefits commensurate with subsistence levels and family needs, and a minimum-benefit period of approximately twenty-six weeks in the year. Such requirements are the least that can be justified in terms of security for the unemployed and the elaborate administration which this legislation entails. Definite schedules of benefits according to age and sex, as in England, or according to broad wage classifications, as in other countries, should replace the present fantastic system which makes a separate wage class out of each worker merely to establish absolute equity between those earning $16.37 weekly and those earning $16.36. Thus simplified, we can use the stamp system of collections so manifestly successful everywhere and greatly reduce the administrative costs. As in old-age insurance, persons earning over $3,000 annually should be excluded.

In place of the present fifty-two duplicating tax systems we should keep only the federal tax which should be coördinated with the old-age-insurance tax. The federal government should grant the states the full amount needed for the payment of benefits in accordance with the minima federal standards prescribed. By assuming the difference between the amounts collected from the tax and the sums needed by the states, the federal government would equalize the burden among the states and would become a partner in the financing of unemployment insurance, as other governments have done.

We can best meet the problems of the long-time unemployed still in the labor market and of those who have exhausted their insurance benefits by integrating relief and insurance into a uniform and economical program. Relief should become part of unemployment insurance, since the latter offers the best and least expensive method of taking care of the unemployed. Under this set-up, not only the unemployed who have exhausted their benefits but those now on relief and still able to work would register with the employment offices in the same manner as those who have but recently lost their jobs. They should report daily or at least three times a week at the employment offices and should be required to accept suitable employment at normal wages. As long as jobs are not available, the unemployed in this group who are found to be in need should receive the same benefits as the recently unem-

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ployed out of the funds now spent for relief and the WPA. In this way, a worker would receive self-respecting benefits from one coördinated organization from the first to the last day of unemployment. At the same time we should reduce expenditures considerably by eliminating the miscellany of duplicating organizations. Work relief could be alternated with straight relief for the long-time unemployed. The greater portion of the cost of the supplementary unemployment-assistance benefits should be met by the federal government, the balance to be borne by the states. These expenditures involve no new burden and would employ the present relief funds in the most economical and constructive manner.

ABRAHAM EPSTEIN

The Tory Dialectic: II

TO UNDERTAKE HERE to identify all the principal movers in the Tory oligarchy, to assess each role, to present all the data in support of the hypothesis advanced in the preceding article, would require many more pages than this journal contains. A partial picture must suffice. To quote old voices first, including some which later changed their tune, Lloyd George in a speech at Yarmouth, September 22, 1933, said:

> If the Powers succeeded in overthrowing Nazism in Germany, what would follow? Not a Conservative, Socialist or Liberal regime, but extreme communism. Surely that could not be their objective. A Communist Germany would be infinitely more formidable than a Communist Russia. The Germans would know how to run their communism effectively.

In Commons November 28, 1934, he said:

> In a very short time, perhaps in a year or two, the Conservative elements in this country will be looking to Germany as the bulwark against communism in Europe. She is planted right in the center of Europe, and if her defense breaks down against the Communists—only two or three years ago a very distinguished German statesman said to me: "I am not afraid of Nazism, but of communism"—and if Germany is seized by the Communists, Europe will follow; because the Germans could make a better job of it than any other country. Do not let us be in a hurry to condemn Germany. We shall be welcoming Germany as our friend.

In 1934 Mr. L. Lawton wrote in The Fortnightly Review:

> Whereas formerly German statesmen looked both to the East and to the West, Hitler at present looks to the East only. . . . No one who studies the map of Eastern Europe can doubt that there are immense possibilities of a German-Polish compromise at the expense of others. The idea of including the Ukraine within the Western European system and moving Russia on towards the East is certainly tempting. . . . With the Ukraine as part of a democratic federated system there would, it is hoped, come into existence a grouping of states with which Great Britain could be on friendly terms.

The great press magnates of Britain have seldom disguised their preferences. Lord Beaverbrook (Max Aitkin, born in Canada where he made a fortune of a million pounds before he came to London to become private secretary of Bonar Law) bought up The Daily Express, with a circulation of 2,000,000 by 1929, and The Daily Sketch. Lord Rothermere (Harold Sidney Harmsworth, brother of Lord Northcliffe) owns The Daily Mail, with over 2,000,000 readers, and The Evening News. A perusal of the files of these journals will leave little doubt as to the picture of the world in the minds of their owners. In January, 1934, The Daily Mail and The Evening News shouted "Hurrah for the Blackshirts!" and called upon the patriotic youth of Britain to join Sir Oswald Mosley's Fascists. But this line was soon dropped. Tory Britain has no need of domestic fascism to achieve its purposes. Rothermere, who once gained circulation by Hun-baiting, soon became an advocate of Hungarian revisionism and a defender of Hitler.

Mr. G. Ward Price, The Daily Mail's Continental correspondent, in his eulogy of the Caesars, "I Knew These Dictators" (1938), writes:

> The last time the Teuto-Slav conflict broke out, Britain and France were dragged into it. On that occasion Russia was backing Serbia against Austria. She is now backing Czechoslovakia against Germany. If this ancient feud flames up again, it would be well to deflect it into those regions where it can do least harm. Humanity and common sense alike suggest that the broad steppes of Little Russia are a more suitable locality than the densely populated centers of civilization in Western Europe.

The Astor family, stemming originally from southern Germany, constitutes a liaison among the press, the aristocracy, the plutocracy, the Foreign Office and the United States. Viscount Astor is the son of a wealthy American who migrated to England in the "mauve decade" because the American press insisted on writing feature articles on his golden bathtubs. The Viscount stands for Eton, medical research, agriculture, scientific nutrition, horse-racing, charity and hospitals. In 1906 he married Nancy Witcher Langhorne of Virginia, first woman to be elected to Commons. She succeeded her husband as M.P. for Plymouth when he came into his lordship in 1919. She stands for charm, wealth, Christian Science, teetotalism, opposition to reform of the divorce laws (though she herself was divorced from her first husband, Robert Gould Shaw),

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motherhood and lavish entertainment in St. James Square and Cliveden Manor. Lord Astor owns The Observer, edited by J. L. Garvin, an elderly Irishman passionately devoted to an Anglo-German entente and Anglo-American coöperation. Lord Astor's younger brother, Major John Jacob Astor, who served in India and lost a leg in the War, bought The Times from Lord Northcliffe. He and his editor, Geoffrey Dawson, have made the respectable "Thunderer" an authoritative organ of Downing Street and the oligarchy.

The Marquess of Londonderry, owner of many mines and large estates, differs from most of his collaborators in a somewhat naïve propensity to state his convictions in print, with the aid of Lady Desborough and Mr. G. Ward Price. Thus:

> I would like to take this opportunity of expressing my particular gratitude to Herr Hitler, Field Marshal Goering, Herr von Ribbentrop and Baron von Neurath for their repeated kindnesses and hospitality to me and members of my family, as well as for affording me many interesting sources of information. ["Ourselves and Germany," 1938, p. 9.]

Herr Hitler's conciliatory gestures have been disregarded and his offers brushed on one side, and German armaments have been rapidly and efficiently built upon a model which those who claim to speak with authority in the Reich assert is designed ultimately to make that country invincible on land and sea and in the air. Herr Hitler has repeatedly solicited the good will of England and the friendly cooperation of the German and English peoples. The time may well be not far off, should the present unsatisfactory and uncertain state of Anglo-German relations be allowed to continue, when the Germans will be able to dispense with the hope of any understanding with us and to strike out along a course of *Weltpolitik* frankly antagonistic to Great Britain and her many imperial and commercial interests. It is to avert such an unfortunate eventuality as this that I have made every effort to convince the people of this country of the value and importance of a friendly understanding between Britain and Germany. [Pp. 8-9.]

Our Foreign Office appears to condone the associations with communism and bolshevism through our affiliation with France, while paying but little regard to the robust attitude of Germany, Italy and Japan, which wholeheartedly condemn communism and bolshevism. Bolshevism is a worldwide doctrine which aims at the internal disruption of all modern systems of government with the ultimate object of what is termed world revolution. That Germany, Italy and Japan condemn bolshevism is an attitude of mind which is not properly appreciated in this country. . . . We fail to recognize that the present condition of Spain is mainly the result of Red machinations. We console ourselves with the reflection that, owing to the conservatism of the French peasant, bolshevism will not prevail to any serious extent among the urban industrial population of France, although the Communist representation in the Chamber has increased to the number which Herr Hitler personally prophesied to me over two years ago. Belgium is showing signs of bolshevism. And Germany sees herself surrounded by bolshevist countries and militarily and economically hemmed in with what may well be disastrous consequences. We watch this movement with strange equanimity. We throw in our weight under "non-intervention" on the side of the Reds in Spain. Belgium and France do the same. And we wonder why Germany and Italy appear more truculent and challenging as their strength and prestige increase. [Pp. 21-22.]

I was at a loss to understand why we could not make common ground in some form or other with Germany in opposition to communism. . . . The anti-Communist platform was (and still is) invaluable. [P. 129.]

Londonderry blessed Hitler's designs on Austria and Czechoslovakia and hoped merely "that they may be realized in a peaceful manner." Londonderry early became a warm friend of Ribbentrop, whom he entertained lavishly, amid distinguished and influential company, at his home in Park Lane. He likewise did not neglect Dino Grandi. With Baldwin, however, he made little progress, being finally forced to resign the Air Ministry. Chamberlain was more amenable. Londonderry inspired the Halifax visit to Hitler in November, 1937, and helped to plan the Munich accord.

Other distinguished lords and ladies see the world much as Londonderry sees it. The Marquess of Lothian, a millionaire bachelor who was once secretary to Lloyd George and later governor of the National Bank of Scotland, is also a Christian Scientist—with important Catholic connections. He envisages "peace" in terms of a Tory-Nazi entente and a return of the German colonies. Baroness Mary Ravensdale, sister-in-law of Sir Oswald Mosley; Lady Austen Chamberlain, usually resident in Rome; Lord Redesdale, whose beautiful blond daughters, the former Honorable Mrs. Diana Guinness, now the wife of Sir Oswald Mosley, and the Honorable Unity Freeman-Mitford, are intimate friends of Der Führer; Lord Swinton (Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister); Lord Hailsham (Sir Douglas Hogg); and of course, Simon, Hoare and Halifax, are none of them in fundamental disagreement with the views already suggested.

The "Anglo-German Fellowship," inspired by Ribbentrop and installed in Unilever House of Lord Leverhulme, governor of Lever Brothers, helped to bring together like-minded industrialists and aristocrats, such as Andrew Agnew of Shell Oil, controlled by the rabid anti-bolshevist Sir Henri Deterding; Lord Barnby of Lloyd's Bank; Sir Josiah Stamp and Sir Robert Kindersley of the Bank of England; F. C. Tiarks, banker; Lord MacGowan of Imperial Chemicals. Sir Josiah, however, admired Eden and was a dissident: "I believe Hitler manifests undue alarm over the danger of a spread of bolshevism. It does make a good flag to wave, though, doesn't it?" In 1936 the Fellowship sent a mission to Berlin to confer with Goering. It included Tiarks, Arthur Guinness and a former Cabinet member, Lord Mount Temple, whose first wife was the daughter of Sir Ernest Cassel, a German-Jewish banker. Temple is president of the Anti-Socialist Union and, until last November, was head of the Fellowship as well.

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"The City" (London's Wall Street) is on the whole in sympathy with this orientation, though some of its members have doubts. Said Lloyd George, February 12, 1931: "A Chancellor of the Exchequer must make allowance for the political bias of the City. They have always been against a progressive government. They have always been tolerant of the faults of a reactionary government." Said Baldwin in July, 1936, to the Centenary dinner of the City of London Conservative Association: "We know our destination, and although we may not take the direct course, we always have that port in view. Our aim is constant. Our methods may differ according to the seas we are in and according to the winds that blow. But I feel confident that however great our difficulties we shall be judged at any rate with a kindly criticism in the City of London." He was not in error. The great banking magnates also see the world in terms of investment markets, the menace of bolshevism, the traditional power of British capital and the sturdy virtues of the new Caesars. Sir Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, is as much a man of shadows as was Sir Basil Zaharoff, the arms magnate. But his influence is great and it is seldom thrown against the views of the oligarchy. In Tory Britain, however, as in pre-war Prussia and Russia, the true representatives of imperialism are less the men of money than the men of title.

On the periphery a circle of prelates, publicists and pacifists serves the cause, wittingly or unwittingly. Dean Inge of St. Paul's preaches Anglo-German reconciliation, praises Nazi "patriotic exaltation and disciplined self-sacrifice," condemns Britain's defense of Belgium and France in 1914 as "monstrous folly," and finds only virtue in Hitler, Mussolini and Franco. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Cosmo Gordon Lang, takes a similar position, but he was troubled at the Nazi pogrom of November 10-11, 1938. "Would that the rulers of the Reich could realize that such excesses of hatred and malice put upon the friendship which we are ready to offer them an almost intolerable strain." Many Britons have visited rebel Spain and praised Franco for saving the land from bolshevism. The Laborite pacifists, like George Lansbury and James Maxton, are of substantial aid in "educating" the public to the need of concessions for "peace." Simon and Hoare, Halifax and Chamberlain, Cadogan and Sir Nevile Henderson, Ambassador in Berlin who praises the Third Reich and publicly deplores criticisms of it by his countrymen, are all grateful for such help.

Among other places where these congenial souls from time to time gather is Cliveden Manor, sumptuous Thames estate of Lord and Lady Astor. Here at pleasant week-end parties, the mighty men of money, title and power meet in happy discourse. On March 26-27, 1938, Chamberlain played "musical chairs" here and discussed the problem of neutralizing France and pursuing rapprochement with Rome and Berlin. The "Cliveden Set" became known as "Britain's Second Foreign Office," though Lady Nancy indignantly denies all such allegations. To postulate a "Cliveden conspiracy" is quite unnecessary and would be quite inaccurate. Cliveden is merely a cheerful rendezvous for ladies and gentlemen whose views coincide.

There are, to be sure, occasional doubts and difficulties. Even Londonderry found the Germans "difficult." And Halifax could say: "I often think how much easier the world would have been to manage if Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini had chanced to have been at Oxford." (*Cf.* Sir Francis Lacey: "Had Hitler and Mussolini been cricketers, I do not think we should have had all this trouble that is going on in Europe today.") But "facts" have to be "faced," and those who meet at Cliveden and elsewhere are never in serious disagreement as to how Property, Religion and the Empire should be safeguarded in a dangerous world. Like the Roman Emperor Valens, who invited the Visigoths into the Empire to guard it against the Scythians, the Tory oligarchs look to Fascist barbarians to save them from Communist savages. Valens was slain by the Visigoths in 378. Thirty years later they sacked Rome. A Prussian general once remarked of London: "What a city to loot!"

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

This is the second of two articles on the Tory dialectic. – THE EDITORS

The Year of Heaven

THERE IS a whole year of my life that's not included in the years I've been alive. It is a year that is back there in the days of the streets, and while the *real* year that year was like the one before, 1916, and the one after, 1918, another year took place at the same time and was more or less lost for ten or eleven years. Then I dreamed the movie and got it back.

It was a wonderful year, that separate year of 1917. It was the year of the movies. It was the year in which I left the world and went to heaven in the picture theatres. That was the only time I ever went to heaven and I went in rags, as it were, and by foot. I went with a dirty face, not a face glowing with holy light; and sometimes I went with a face wet with the rain of winter; with hands cold and dirty; sometimes even my shoes would be wet, all soft, and my coat too.

The movie was the one of the world, the one that never ended. It was the dream being dreamed, outside in the city, in the dirt and rain, and inside in the picture theatre, in the darkness, with the pictures moving in front of you, the pipe organ saying how it was, and the dream unfolding in front of you until you got up and walked right into it and on into heaven, with Theda Bara and Mary Pickford, William Farnum and Two-

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Gun Hart, Fatty Arbuckle and Charlie Chaplin, and all the others who were in heaven in those days.

That year in heaven I forgot after the Armistice, and then one night while I was dreaming I dreamed the movie again and the whole year came back to me. It was a bright day in the dream and I was back in the streets selling papers and everybody was buying them, instead of not buying them, the way it had been in 1917. Everybody was buying them and I think I made a dollar and forty cents in no time.

I'm dreaming, I said in the dream. It wasn't a bright day: it was raining. They didn't buy any papers either. All it did was rain and the people hurried home. I went to George Koriakle's on Eye Street and traded a paper for four chunks of fudge. I ate the fudge and then went over to the Liberty Theatre and gave Joe a paper and he let me in free. I went in just as Jimmy Valentine jumped up onto the chandelier. I'd seen the picture four times in the last four days and knew the story by heart. It didn't stop being heaven, though, because Jimmy Valentine, although once a safe-cracker, was at heart a man of great nobility, and when the girl got locked in the safe accidentally, Jimmy rubbed his fingers on stone until they bled and then when his fingers were sensitive that way he went to work and cracked that safe and saved the girl.

That year is the year I began to get over cowboy pictures. If they were being shown I'd see them through, of course, but I didn't like them. I liked comedies, but especially the ones with Snub Pollard in them, and a young zany named Al St. Joy. I liked love stories too. I liked the outdoor ones where the girl would be somebody wonderful and good like Mary Pickford and it seemed like the whole world was against a little kid like that with nothing but goodness in her heart, and then it would happen, the little girl's goodness would knock hell out of all the viciousness and she'd get the bad ones put in jail where they belonged. And all like that.

Before I got over cowboy stories, they were the best. The way to do it was with a gun. Draw quickly, fire accurately, duck and, if hurt, fall slowly, and go on firing. The worst it would ever be would be a flesh wound that would never keep you from getting on the horse and riding across the plains to the small house, leaping off the horse, stamping across the porch just in time for her to run out of the house into your arms, crying, O Danny, Danny. I didn't exactly see through that stuff. It was simply that I couldn't get a horse and even if I could buy a gun, I wouldn't know who to use it on, might not be able to shoot accurately, might be slow on the draw, might get shot through the head instead of through the flesh of my left leg, above the knee, and might accidentally shoot somebody who wasn't guilty.

The streets in our city were pretty much paved and nobody seemed to be arriving on horseback anyway, and I never saw anybody carrying a gun, except the cops, who were being paid to do it. And I never saw a cop draw a gun and do anything about anything. I saw a guitar-player of a marimba band draw a pistol in front of the Sequoia Hotel and wave it at the five other members of the band and a white woman, but he didn't fire, and I didn't know what it was all about. One of the other boys coaxed him into putting the gun back into his pocket and they all went into the lobby of the hotel as if nothing had happened.

So it didn't seem as if a gun would be any good. The only thing that seemed to be any good at all was wit, daring and forthrightness. But most important of all was virtue. If you had all the wit in the world, and a lot of daring and plenty of forthrightness, but no virtue, you were still on the wrong side and no good.

All I did that year was turn away from the city and walk into the theatre and on into heaven. There was nowhere else to go. It was a year of London, New York, War, Love, Comedy, Newsreels and Heaven. It got so I didn't even think the newsreels were real. It got so I thought they were part of the movie too, the pictures of soldiers marching, and Generals striding about mechanically, turning feverishly, their lips moving, their arms rising and falling like the arms of men made of machinery. It couldn't be anything more than a movie. It was all part of the dream. The people walking along country roads, carrying small bundles, leaving bombed villages. It was all part of the great endless moving picture. The wounded in hospitals, with Royalty and Actresses and Generals going around mechanically from one bed to another, nodding, bowing, shaking hands and all that stuff. The trains going with all the faces looking out, and the others, not going, waving. If it wasn't a movie, I didn't know what it was.

It got so that even outside of the theatre it was all a movie. Even *I* was one of the unnamed ones in the movie. One of the faces you saw for just a moment among a hundred faces.

I forgot about that strange year until I dreamed the movie and it had stopped raining and there seemed to be a sudden absence of miserliness and error in the world.

I guess the people will always be leaving the world and going to heaven. There's really nowhere else to go.

WILLIAM SAROYAN

Parade

This one and that
And the root and the stem—
They have done nothing, they have said nothing—
Who will remember them?

They rise as they fall
And beget as begat.
Their call is only this and their hunger,
There is forever that.

WILLIAM M. GALBRAITH

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Shoot the Works

Roundsman of the Lord

IF SOMEONE were to write a biography, or a long well informed article, about Paul Y. Anderson it would be within the bounds of propriety to discuss his personal problems. But I think that all who knew Anderson will resent the gross comment contained in the last issue of Time which said, "There was only one real enemy to Paul Anderson's usefulness, and he well knew its name: alcohol."

Mr. Luce's magazine is more famed for circulation than for good taste, but since it has rendered a public pronouncement, its dogmatic decision cannot be ignored. I believe that newspapermen will resent Time's homily. I think it is written without charity and, what is more to the point, without understanding.

The true problem of Paul Anderson lay in the fact that he was a highly emotional and sensitive person who found himself in spots where he had to go out and battle no matter what price he paid in nervous energy. He was a crusading correspondent and there is no one left to take his place. His normal attitude towards people was one of warmth. By nature he was friendly to the point of sentimentalism. Here was no happy warrior who took a physical and a mental joy in going out to bash in heads. He did it because he felt the obligation even though he realized the toll which he must pay.

If Paul Y. Anderson had been content to adopt the role of little friend to all the world he could have done his work on water and lived to ninety-nine upon the fair rewards of writing amiable chitchat about the great and near great. He could even have introduced a sly dig on occasion without tearing his metabolism into tiny shreds. But when Paul went into a fight he felt that his soul's salvation was at stake. He would have felt disgraced to do no more than jab and step away with the comment to his adversary of, "Well blocked, old fellow." His struggles for the underdog were not just for the sake of the record book. He espoused lost causes for the sake of making them winning ones.

It is quite true that he lacked any very fundamental political or economic philosophy. Had he possessed such a background he might have planned his bouts along more cool and scientific lines. As it was, Paul had to work himself into a fervor before he could begin to be effective and though he played by ear he struck surprisingly few false notes. But in living out the things he wrote it became necessary for him to open his own veins when he wished to make his message clear and forceful. Accordingly he functioned constantly under punishing tension. Nor was he one to say, "I'll relax now and forget about that rank iniquity for another week."

I used to see Paul a lot and sometimes I'd say, "Skip it for a while, Paul. Let's sit and talk about casual things." But when he felt that he had been tapped to get after rogues and rascals in high places he couldn't be casual about anything. He carried his assignment around with him day and night. If ever a man wore a hair shirt of complete dedication to the things in which he believed that man was Paul Y. Anderson.

And sometimes when the strain grew past all endurance, he drank. What would you expect him to do? But just about the last person in the world with any right to mention the matter is some little snip sitting with scissors and paste pot in the office of Time piecing out the curious sign language in which that magazine is written for the delectation of commuters and clubwomen.

Paul Y. Anderson, drunk or sober, was by so much the finest journalist of his day that it is not fitting for any moist-eared chit even to touch the hem of his weakness.

And take that smug and pious phrase about "only one real enemy." Anderson never feared to go after those who sat in the seats of the mighty and their venom was visited upon him. Certainly he was loved by his fellows, but no other newspaperman has ever been so cordially hated by the crooks and fakers. It was his fate to be compelled to make his points the hard way. And toward the end he found himself hemmed in by the encircling forces of fascism at home and abroad. He was still less than fifty, but he had been through the mill. Victory had crowned his shield in the past, but a man who has beaten back the first wave and the second and the third has a right to feel a little weary when he sees the stirring in the tall grass and knows that the foe is crawling forward to attack all over again.

Five years earlier he might have conquered all his enemies and looked around for more when he was through. But now they seemed to creep in from so many directions. There must have been mornings when the fight loomed up on so many and such varied fronts that the warrior felt that he could give nothing more. Anderson was a man in an outpost and he had neglected to keep in sufficiently close contact with those who were in support. Much too late in life he came to a partial realization of those groups and forces which were his natural allies. He never quite got rid of the old romantic notion of the newspaperman as a solitary individual playing out a lone hand. The end was not a surrender. It was as if he had said, "They'll never take me prisoner."

And now over the rim of the hills come the masses of men and women to carry on the fight in which Anderson is fallen. One of the last struggles in which he was engaged may well have been peculiarly punishing. It would be less than accurate to say that Paul stood alone among Washington commentators in his eloquent opposition to the methods and purposes of the Dies Committee. But he was called upon to answer the gentleman from Orange, Texas, over the radio. Speaking was not an art to which this newspaperman took easily. I know that he must have bled and died before he took on the ordeal of facing the microphone. But he acquitted himself well, though I can imagine that he had to prepare himself for the test.

It is not necessary for anybody to make apologies for Paul Y. Anderson. Taken in his entirety he stands up as a man deserving of love and homage from every working newspaperman and woman in the United States. We will carry on.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Washington Notes

The WPA Slips Its Anchor

WITHOUT DEFINITE ANNOUNCEMENT from anyone in authority, the New Deal is being remodeled. What started out as a small decorating job after the November election has come to involve heavy construction work in some of the administration's main departments. Two peculiarly New Deal agencies, the WPA and the TVA, are likely to experience a thoroughgoing shift of personnel. A violent shake-up has just been completed in the AAA. It is too early to say what the consequences will be, but there is a danger that the first fighting zeal of these agencies may be changed to something more cautious.

Perhaps more than any other New Deal body, the WPA has been the vessel containing the New Deal's spirit. It has had, at least, the most direct influence in the lives of the lowest third of the nation. On good authority, it may be said that the November plans of the White House advisers to shift its funds and relief-workers to munitions-making have been reluctantly given up as impracticable. However, they have not been wholly scrapped. Where existing private industry does not possess the plant and workers to fulfill the administration's munitions orders, it is still hoped that the WPA may be used.

For example, as the international airplane-building race grows hotter, the administration's demands may rise above the maximum output of private factories. If this should happen, the administration is toying with the idea of commissioning the WPA to build factories, hangars, testing fields. Simultaneously, selected young men from the CCC, the NYA and perhaps the WPA itself would be trained as airplane mechanics. Under another, more ambitious scheme, borrowed from Germany, these young men would receive, instead of a six-months mechanic's training, a two-year course that would enable them to design, build and fly airplanes, and to fight in them. However, as nearly as I can discover, the program stops there; the question of whether the government is to enter munitions-making on a broad scale is undecided. At the moment, the preponderant opinion among White House advisers seems to be in favor of leasing the WPA-built factories to private management—an opinion endorsed by the War and Navy Departments.

Colonel Harrington, the new WPA administrator, is a splendid executive and heartily in sympathy with New Deal aims. The cold fact remains, however, that in the never ceasing, fiercely competitive scramble among government agencies for appropriations, he cannot possibly do so well for the WPA as either Mr. Hopkins or Mr. Aubrey Williams could. The present funds of the WPA will be used up early in February; it must ask for new money the moment Congress meets. It will undoubtedly obtain it, although perhaps not in the amount which it ought to have and which Mr. John L. Lewis and the CIO are asking for. Then will come the fight to obtain funds for the 1940 budget year. The War and Navy men will ask for money for munitions-buying; Secretary Wallace money for his farmers; Congress itself money for the old folks. The WPA must go on, but it is possible that its rolls will never again be so large as they were in November, and that a year from now its importance and character will be vastly altered.

In the writer's opinion, the failure of Mr. Roosevelt to appoint Mr. Williams administrator of the WPA was a moral blunder. Because of Mr. Hopkins' grave illness a year ago, Mr. Williams has been administrator in fact for many months. In a real sense, the job belonged to him. Political organizations are built up when the leader—in this case, Mr. Roosevelt—stands behind his men, defends and promotes them. From the outside, at least, it looks as if Mr. Williams were sacrificed to expediency. Because in Birmingham, Alabama, he made the fairly bromidic observation that there were conflicts of interests between economic classes, apparently the White House advisers feared that it might be embarrassing to have him face a Senate committee at the time of his confirmation.

The writer thinks that Mr. Roosevelt is not merely unfair, but mistaken in judgment. It just happens that Mr. Williams, above almost anyone else in the New Deal, has emotional kinship with the lowest third of the nation. He is a Southerner, and perhaps might not like to be compared to Lincoln. But he is of the same raw-boned stock, with the same intense quality of pity. On many occasions, the writer has watched his effect on audiences. After a few minutes, all of us living are reduced to heart-breakingly sad little creatures—"man is as grass"—who can hope for nothing more than to help one another. Any Senator who questioned Mr. Williams would discover himself pulling off his shirt, and rushing into the streets to find a shirtless person to give it to.

With the announcement that a national health program will be put before Congress, together with the indictment of the American and District of Columbia Medical Associations, the report has been revived that the Farm Security Administration has already quietly created a system of socialized medicine. The FSA's program is a highly interesting experiment, but—at least so far—has little to do with socialized medicine. Among other things, it was set up in coöperation with the medical associations in the counties and states in which it is being used, and has their approbation.

Essentially, it does not vary from medical-insurance plans that have been tried with success in many cities. The really novel aspect of it is that it has been made to work with desperately poor tenant farmers and sharecroppers. As most readers know, the FSA makes small loans, usually about $300. These are bona-fide loans, not grants, and have been repaid with amazing punctuality. Before a loan is made, a farm family must agree on a budget with the FSA experts, and must live by it. During the last year, borrowers have been asked to budget a definite sum, usually $20, for annual medical expenses. This is paid to a treasurer, or trustee, within the county, but remains a debt of the borrower to the FSA. At the same time, the FSA agents meet with the officers of the county medical society, and ask them to agree to a fixed tariff of fees—so much for an office call, so much for a home call. A farmer needing medical service can now call on the doctor of his choice within the county. At the end of the month, however, the doctor sends his bill, not to the patient, but to the county trustee, or treasurer, who is empowered to pay out each month one-twelfth of the money in his care. If the total of all doctors' bills is less than the

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month's allotment, they are paid in full, and the balance carried forward to succeeding months. If it is more, they are paid on a pro-rata basis. About 78,000 families in twenty states are now covered by this program, and it is expected that 200,000 will be covered by next June. In North and South Dakota, where coöperative medical services have been used in the past, a more elaborate program is being carried out, which includes dentistry and hospitalization.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

No Recovery and Marauding Doctors

IT WOULD BE VERY PLEASANT to be able to announce that the New Year will be one of continuously rising curves, marking the final triumph of man over the forces of depression. But from where I stand looking ahead now, no such happy prophecy is possible.

The recovery of business since February has been swift. To understand that, you need but keep these facts in mind—that from January, 1937, to Febuary, 1938, business went downward twice as fast as it had risen from 1934 to Christmas, 1936. And that from February, 1938, to November, 1938, it rose again twice as fast as it went down. Put differently, the Roosevelt recovery consumed twenty-eight months; the recessions from that recovery consumed fourteen months and the recovery from that recession took nine months. It must be remembered, however, that I use the word recovery here in every instance in a Pickwickian sense.

But there is no sign upon the horizon to justify the belief that this latest recovery will continue very long. There are many signs to warrant the belief that it will not. Only the government's expenditures have brought it along thus far. Probably they will continue to pump life into the system, but there are many signs to indicate that the pumping will not be in sufficient volume to get real results. It is possible that there will be a slight increase in activity due to a certain cyclical swing in consumers'-goods production. But there are no signs of life in the great capital-goods industries. If any force produces recovery in the coming year it will be some fortuitous circumstance not now in sight.

A dreadful affront has been offered to the doctors. They have been accused of restraining "trade." The very word "trade" has filled them with sadness. That men of science, citizens of the great empire of the mind, professional persons, should be accused of being in trade! Is there no balm in Gilead or the drug-store? Of course, the doctors have borrowed from trade. One by one they have introduced into the external and strictly alien vestibule of the doctor's office such vulgar commercial trappings as typewriters, filing systems, accounting systems, Dun and Bradstreet's, auditors, tickers, card indices on patients and other extra-anatomical assets. They have even organized hospitals, issuing stocks and bonds and setting up elaborately organized mechanisms for shaking down the patient and being jolly well sure he has something in his pockets to shake out before he gets in. They have learned the advantage of dramatic office settings, with gleaming machinery, attendants, furnishings to impress the beholder. They have even learned the benefits to be derived from occasional addresses, reproduced in pamphlet form and circulated among their patients in lieu of the franker and more vulgar prospectus of the commercial person. They have, in fact, taken over from trade almost everything it has to offer save its place in the anti-trust act.

But this is a legal matter. It has always been difficult to get the courts to admit that anyone was in trade or commerce, which have been held to be synonymous. Commerce, it seems, is a frightfully exclusive word. It has been held upon occasion in English law to include such goings on as might conceivably occur between a man and a maid, and even a young lady, under our federal laws, has been held to be an article of commerce. But try to pin something on a business man and suddenly the term commerce shrivels up sufficiently to cast him out of its definitive limits. Back in the days of Harrison and Cleveland when the courts first struggled with the problem of the meaning of commerce, it was not until some striking workers in the West got indicted under the Sherman law that the courts were able at last to say with finality that they had come upon a case of people really in trade. And so we may leave this to the lawyers and get back to their brothers in trade, the doctors.

The American Medical Association has always impressed me as an excellent example of genteel gangsters. After all, what is a gangster? He is a member of a gang. And what is a gang? It is a group of persons banded together to act together or gang up, as it were, upon some other person or persons. The gangster does not have to wear a cap or a handkerchief around his neck. He does not have to carry a machine gun. He does that only when it is necessary. He need not be a plug-ugly. He may be one of a group of politicians ganging up on the city or state treasury or the courthouse. He may, in fact, be a member of the learned trades or professions. His technique is to mass the combined strength of the gang against those who interfere with his racket. If he is in the bootlegging line he takes the rebel or chiseler for a ride or cracks his skull. But the genteel gangsters of the Medical Association do not have to do that. They just throw him out of the Association. They refuse to let his patients into their hospitals. They will not permit their members to have any truck with him. They isolate him. They will not even split his fees with him.

Now it seems to me the doctors and the Medical Association have a right to oppose socialized medicine and socialized hospitals and medical-insurance devices. I dare say they would be less than human if they didn't. They are within their rights when they issue statements, lobby, hold meetings, publish arguments and employ all the contrivances of propaganda. But when they set out to break up health-insurance schemes or hospitalization schemes or medical-insurance schemes by ganging up on the doctors who go in for this, they are just gangsters, however genteel, and ought to be brought within the operation of some law. The Medical Association is a guild, a trade union, like the plumbers' union, which has its board of examiners and its licenses, its "ethics" and other trappings of the genteel gangster. And union men have been known to find themselves in jail for violating the Sherman act. Maybe the doctors' union will break into jail in the year 1939. JOHN T. FLYNN

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The Bandwagon

Prime Minister Chamberlain gave the Commons a "categorical" denial today of published reports that he intended to cede British Somaliland to Italy.

"No such suggestion has been made by the Italian government," he said. – *Associated Press dispatch from London published in The New York World-Telegram.*

Bishop Shvoy of the Fejervar Diocese has forbade the playing of Wagner's "Lohengrin" and Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" wedding marches in all Catholic churches.

The Bishop considers both inappropriate because Wagner's march introduces an episode marked by the cooling of connubial bliss, while Mendelssohn's music accompanies the transformation of a bridegroom into an ass. – *Dispatch from Budapest to The New York Times.*

Sir Thomas Moore (C.), who some time ago introduced a bill for the humane slaughter of cattle, asked for the retention of flogging, and even suggested that its use might be increased. – *The Manchester Guardian, reporting a debate in the House of Commons on penal reform.*

There have been, and still may be, detectives posing as students on the UCLA [University of California in Los Angeles] campus. These sleuths go the whole way attending classes and everything. Purpose is to keep an eye open for Communistic activities. – *E. V. Durling in his column in The Los Angeles Times.*

The Indian Rope Trick

Q.—Is Mahatma Gandhi married? K.H.L.

A.—He is married and has four sons and several grandchildren. Married at the age of thirteen, in 1906, he took a perpetual vow of celibacy. – *From Frederic J. Haskin's syndicated Questions and Answers, as published in The Boston Traveler.*

Justifiable-Enthusiasm Department

This is an enthusiastic discussion of the technique of sexual intercourse, by an elderly Canadian clergyman. It is plainly and simply written, with several anatomical diagrams. It should be useful particularly to persons who want advice with a mild religious flavor. – *From a book review by Paul Popenoe of "Sex Satisfaction and Happy Marriage" published in Public Health Nursing.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Louis Stark and the CIO Convention

SIR: As a member of the Press Committee for the Congress for Industrial Organizations, I was amazed at your charge [The New Republic, November 30] that Louis Stark of The New York Times had sent "distorted reports" of the happenings in the Constitutional Convention recently held in Pittsburgh.

As a reader of The New Republic since the first copy came off the press, now nearly twenty-five years ago, I was shocked that on evidence which has no basis in facts, you should have charged one of the most reliable reporters in the United States with "distortion" of the facts without having in any way whatsoever brought any proof forward upon which to base your accusation. I have prized the integrity of The New Republic, I think, just as highly as its editors have. It has a superb record of service to the people of this country in keeping them posted on what is happening both in this country and the world at large.

The only basis for your charge was that "a spontaneous outbreak of complaint over the fact that printed copies of the proposed constitution were not available to the delegates when the voting upon it began" had been distorted into a "left-wing crisis." This is just not true. The complaint was promptly acknowledged to be justified by the officials presiding over the Convention's proceedings and a debate on the Constitution did not take place until all the delegates were supplied with such copies. There was no "crisis" over this matter at all. This is a matter of record. Look into your Convention proceedings, a copy of which you undoubtedly have and check up on whether this statement of mine is correct.

There was, however, an attempt made by a small group of CIO leaders to change a section of the Constitution as truthfully related by Louis Stark in his report to his paper. John L. Lewis did oppose such a change and with much frankness gave his reasons to the small group who approached him regarding this matter. I am not interested at this time whether his point of view was correct or not. He is amply able to take care of the defense of his position just as are those who took the other position.

Had Louis Stark's statement regarding this matter not been correct, or had he in any way "distorted" Lewis' position, there would have doubtless been a sharp rebuke from Lewis as the presiding officer of the Convention. Neither friend nor enemy has ever charged John L. Lewis with being in any way timid when he has either been misquoted or his position on various issues has been falsely stated.

The resolution offered by Morris Watson of the Newspaper Guild was not presented to the Press Committee. When I complained of this, the chairman of the committee, Heywood Broun, explained to me that our committee had been automatically discharged when he as chairman had made our report.

I cannot understand why the article in The New Republic fails to state that Heywood Broun on the morning following the passage of the Watson resolution asked for the platform and apologized to the newspapermen reporting the Convention regarding the resolution dealing with the press, saying that it had been unhappily worded and was not intended to reflect upon the working newspapermen, but that it was aimed at the publishers, and that he, Broun, certainly had no apologies to make to these publishers, practically restating his belief that they did distort the news.

I think the latter statement we all agreed with, including most of the newspapermen at the press table. I think the failure

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of The New Republic to state in its article that Broun had made such a statement amounted to an actual "distortion." I don't believe, however, it was an intentional one on the part of The New Republic. Here is a statement of Broun's apology taken from the official proceedings of the Convention on Friday, November 18. "So I say to the men and women of the working press that neither the resolution nor the speech meant to reflect on any single newspaper working man or woman here."

As for the headlines on Stark's story in the issue of The Times of Thursday, November 17, The New Republic certainly knows that he was not in the least responsible for them. The New Republic also knows that what distortion of the news does take place in The Times is largely in the headlines, for which the reporters have absolutely no responsibility.

I was already a middle-aged man in active newspaper work when Louis Stark first began to write. I think I have a little background regarding the labor movement in this country and I want to state here my belief that the integrity of Louis Stark as a reporter literally shines forth in dealing with all happenings in the world of labor. Not only is his integrity beyond question, but also his knowledge.

I feel sure that after you have checked up on the happenings which led you to charge that Louis Stark had sent out "distorted" reports to The New York Times, you will apologize to one who is really "a gentleman of the press."

New York City CHARLES W. ERVIN

SIR: Mr. John L. Lewis asks me to say that he was much impressed by the article, "The CIO Comes of Age," by Bruce Bliven Jr., and thought it a fine job.

RALPH HETZEL, Secretary to the President,
Congress of Industrial Organizations

Washington, D. C.

SIR: The article by Bruce Bliven Jr. in The New Republic, "The CIO Comes of Age," is one of the best accounts I have seen of our convention in the outside press. The account includes a note which, to my mind, is the most important and was not even commented upon in any of the other reportings. I refer to the feeling that was most obvious on the part of the delegates and the showing of enthusiasm and determination to continue the task we undertook three years ago.

Of course we are rather proud of the program which we adopted at our Convention, but I was even more affected by the spirit among our people which gave rise to such a program than the particular resolutions themselves.

LEE PRESSMAN, General Counsel,
Congress of Industrial Organizations

Washington, D. C.

SIR: In answer to Mr. Ervin: The basis for my observation that Louis Stark's report of the CIO convention was distorted is simple. I believe he devoted a great deal more space to his discussion of the "split" inside the CIO than it was worth. There was a disagreement, to be sure, but the real news of the convention was not the minor arguments that took place. It was the unique atmosphere of harmony and coöperation.

I agree that Louis Stark is one of the most reliable reporters in the United States. I felt the wording of my reference to him indicated that fact. And I grant that it would have been wiser to speak about his account of the proceedings in a separate paragraph. The reporters who were guilty of the worst distortion of the "printed copies" crisis were the representatives of the reactionary Pittsburgh papers.

The article contained no reference to Heywood Broun's speech Friday morning because by the time Mr. Broun was speaking the linotypers in Brooklyn were already at work on my copy.

New York City BRUCE BLIVEN JR.

The Catholic Church in Politics

SIR: Re: Article entitled "The Catholic Church in Politics. I. The Church and Freedom of Speech," The New Republic, November 16, 1938, I wish to voice my objections as to the following statement:

Father O'Flanagan, the Irish Republican priest, who toured many states on behalf of Spanish refugee children, met with open hostility from Roman Catholic agents everywhere he went. In Milwaukee, the chairman of the Auditorium Board, William George Bruce, an outstanding Catholic who has had special honors from the Pope, denounced Father O'Flanagan's meeting as communistic, and the school board, 75 percent of whose members are also Catholic, forbade the use of the hall. The Catholic Herald-Citizen, official newspaper of Archbishop Streich, took up the fight, but representatives of the North American Committee at once instituted suit against the Board, which its counsel sought hard to quash, and won out when the court ruled that the hall could not be denied.

The statements therein contained are absolutely untrue, a fabrication, malicious in truth and in fact. . . . In the first place, I might point out that whether there was hostility in regard to Father O'Flanagan, regarding the question that he was advocating, is immaterial. . . . Mr. William George Bruce did not act for or on behalf of any partisan politics or on behalf of the Church when he made the statements denouncing Father O'Flanagan's meeting as communistic. . . .

Further, you state that the School Board is 75-percent Catholic. I wish to state that this statement is absolutely untrue. . . . At said time, there were not more than five members of the School Board who were Catholic. . . .

So, I might state that the whole paragraph above mentioned is absolutely untrue and without foundation either in fact or in law, and that your article is designed only for the purpose of stirring up religious bias, prejudice and hatreds. . . .

Milwaukee, Wis. WILLIAM A. BOWMAN

SIR: Mr. Bowman says of the paragraph to which he objects "that whether there was hostility in regard to Father O'Flanagan regarding the question he was advocating, is immaterial." This, however, is the sole purport of the paragraph and the only reason for the statements it contains—that Mr. Bruce, an outstanding Catholic and chairman of the Auditorium Board, denounced the meeting as communistic, and that the court ruled against such hostility of "William Geo. Bruce *et al.*, and the Milwaukee Auditorium." I regret that an error makes it appear that it was the School Board, rather than the Auditorium Board, 75 percent of whose members are Catholic, which forbade the use of the hall. Any implications Mr. Bowman may read into these statements of facts are his own affair.

New York City LEO H. LEHMANN

Bigger and Better Debts

SIR: As one of the authors of "An Economic Program for American Democracy," I should like to reply to the criticisms made by John T. Flynn in your issue of December 14.

First, Mr. Flynn seems to have missed the main point of our argument, which is that a permanent program of government investment financed through borrowing would steadily raise the national income to higher and higher levels. It is absurd to regard a continuous increase in real wealth and income as a burden on the community. The problem of meeting interest payments on the public debt is a problem of transferring funds from taxpayers to bondholders and Mr. Flynn completely overlooks the fact that this does not become more difficult if taxable capacity grows along with the magnitude of the interest payments.

Second, increased interest payments on bonds bought by

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banks since 1932 have largely been used to defray the cost of the banking system. This is beneficial not only to bank stockholders but to all who derive direct or indirect advantage from the banking system, that is, nearly everyone.

Third, Mr. Flynn's statement that England's power "to borrow from her people is at an end" is really surprising. Let him try to support it with factual evidence.

There are other errors in Mr. Flynn's column, but the general attitude expressed is probably more significant than the particular arguments advanced, for it shows that Mr. Flynn's economic thinking is completely dominated by the accepted canons of "sound finance." Experience has taught us that progressive movements which accept the basic financial postulates of reaction eventually turn reactionary themselves. If Mr. Flynn's attitude is at all representative of American progressive opinion, there is a great deal of educational work yet to be done —and probably not much time to do it.

Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. PAUL M. SWEEZY

The Jerome Weidman Case

SIR: The logical consequences of the suppression of the Jerome Weidman novels, "I Can Get It for You Wholesale" and "What's in It for Me?" by his publisher, Simon and Schuster, as reported in the press, would be similarly to treat all works of art dealing realistically with unsavory Jewish characters, such as Marlowe's "The Jew of Malta," Hecht's "A Jew in Love," Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," and the Simon and Schuster edition of the Bible.

I am shocked at this cowardly stand by an American publisher on two critically acclaimed and highly moral works of art. I think the action is essentially anti-Semitic in consequence. I find myself not alone in this indignant opinion. A public forum should be held on this subject and would unquestionably cause the publishers to reissue the work of a significant American writer. . . .

SAM ROSENBERG

New York City

[The publishers were under pressure from Jewish readers to withdraw Mr. Weidman's two novels on the ground that they libeled the Jewish race at a time when it was being persecuted. Impressed by these arguments, Messrs. Simon and Schuster decided to let the books go out of print when the present editions are exhausted. The bookstores still have them in stock. Whether the publishers have made the right decision is a question to be decided by Jewish opinion rather than public opinion. But we feel that self-imposed censorships, however noble in purpose, may end by being as mischievous as governmental censorships. – THE EDITORS]

Books That Changed Our Minds

SIR: Apropos of Malcolm Cowley's "Books that Changed Our Minds," introduced in your number of December 7, I find myself left in some slight doubt as to its intended significance. Which are "our minds"? Who are "we"? "Yours and mine and John Smith's"—who is John Smith? As I understand it a selected list of books (as suggestions) were sent to a selected list of thinkers, at least one of whom was born during "the last thirty or forty years." Would it, perhaps, be more accurate to entitle the article "What The New Republic's favorite readers think of The New Republic's favorite authors"? In this case, since I have myself contracted the New Republic habit, I should not be less interested, but I should be clear in my mind that there was no claim to have Gallup-polled the mind of America.

Cambridge, Mass. RALPH BARTON PERRY

SIR: It surprises me that although so many mention Spengler, none seems to have seen Toynbee and Sorokin. Yet they carry further and lend a scientific authority to the cyclical study of human life, one from the historian's, the other from the sociologist's point of view. Jung's study of psychological types has had far-reaching effects in our understanding of the differentiation of human types.

Cleveland, O. L. H. GERGELY

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Dr. Morton Robbins of Nashua, New Hampshire, replies to the joint letter (in the December 7 correspondence section) by Messrs. Hourani and Faris, entitled "The Case for the Arabs." Dr. Robbins points out that the Jewish claim to Palestine is based not merely on the number of centuries it has been the Jewish homeland, but on the acknowledged fact that whatever place Palestine holds in the history of the world it owes to the work of the Jewish people who have lived there. . . . John Creedy, editor of The Carolina Magazine, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, sends us a copy of his latest issue. It is an enlightened and well written paper and one article in particular, "Tell Me What Sort of a South You Want," by Mr. Creedy, is of special interest. . . . Roger Baldwin of the American Civil Liberties Union calls our attention to the statement by the special Committee on the Bill of Rights of the American Bar Association. It recommends the formation of state and city "Bill of Rights committees" to investigate and deal with violations of constitutional rights. Such committees have already been formed in Connecticut, Indiana, Ohio, Vermont and in Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles and New York.

Our mail recently has been flooded with Christmas appeals and requests for financial aid. Unfortunately, even the groups that proved worthy of special mention are so numerous that we have not space for detailed descriptions of their work. The following organizations, however, ask financial help from The New Republic's readers: The American Friends of the Chinese People, 168 West Twenty-third Street, New York City; American Committee of the International Relief Association for Victims of Nazism, 20 Vesey Street, New York City; the American Committee for the Protection of Foreign Born, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City; the American Guild for German Cultural Freedom, Inc., 20 Vesey Street, New York City; Films for Democracy, a non-profit motion-picture producing and distributing organization, 342 Madison Avenue, New York City; and the Committee for New Anvil, 3569 Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago, which is starting a new magazine of honest fiction to carry on the traditions of The Anvil.

What's on the Air?

Interviews with some of the new members of Congress, Saturday, December 31, 4:30 P.M., and 9 P.M., CBS.

"1938 in Review," a recounting of the outstanding news events of the past year, Sunday, January 1, 8 P.M., Mutual.

President Roosevelt speaks at the Jackson Day dinner in Washington, Saturday, January 7, 9:30 P.M., CBS, NBC-Blue Network and Mutual.

Musical and dramatic programs of the week include the Metropolitan Opera Company's "Fidelio," Saturday, December 31, 1:55 P.M., NBC-Red Network; Artur Rodzinski and the NBC Symphony, Saturday, December 31, 10 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; New York Philharmonic, Sunday, January 1, 3 P.M., CBS; "The Gondoliers," Tuesday, January 3, 8 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; Indianapolis Symphony, Wednesday, January 4, 3 P.M., CBS; and the Eastman School of Music, Thursday, January 5, 8:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

All times given are Eastern Standard Time.

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Books in Review

The Dream of the Great Bird

IN LEONARDO DA VINCI'S LIFE, the ruling symbol was that of climbing or *soaring above*. We find it in his paintings and drawings, where almost all the landscapes are seen as if from a high plateau; note, for example, the background of the "Mona Lisa" and "The Virgin with St. Anne." We find it again in his lifelong love of mountains, and in his ascent of Monte Rosa, a venture almost unheard of in his age. A hundred and fifty years later, Pascal caused a minor sensation by climbing the Puy-de-Dôme, not one-third as high. We find it in his scientific studies, rising from abstraction to abstraction in the effort to reach the highest abstraction of all. We find it in his researches into the flight of birds; and most of all we find it in his obstinate effort to invent a flying machine—in what Antonina Vallentin calls "this most tremendous, most obsessing, most tyrannical of his dreams."

Her long biography[1] is quite simply the best we have in English and the clearest approach to his work. She has not discovered many new sources nor examined many manuscripts, apparently, except those of Leonardo himself, but these she has studied with great care. Merely by setting facts in their proper context, she throws new light on what he was trying to do. Her comments on Leonardo's pictures are sane and illuminating, and there are just enough reproductions to make her meaning plain. It is true that her story is lacking in those extraordinary flashes of insight that distinguished Rachel Annand Taylor's "Leonardo the Florentine," published in 1927, but it is also without the straining for effect that made Miss Taylor's book always difficult to read and sometimes made it sound silly. Mme. Vallentin writes in a sober style, as if she wanted Leonardo's greatness to speak for itself.

Being factual rather than interpretative, her book is the opposite of Freud's monograph on Leonardo, in which a heavy superstructure of interpretation is based on a slim and sometimes shaky substructure of fact. Freud is almost certainly wrong about the death and funeral of Leonardo's mother, and quite possibly wrong about his childhood also. He believes that the symbol of soaring upwards was purely sexual. "The wish to be able to fly signifies in the dream nothing more or less than the longing for the ability of sexual accomplishment." But why must he carry his thesis to the point of saying "nothing more or less"? That the dream was sexual in its origin is easy enough to grant. But any dream that haunts a man, sleeping and waking, for more than fifty years of his life is likely to assume many different meanings and values. Mme. Vallentin suggests—or at least her readers cannot help feeling—that the dream of the great bird had acquired a social context, not inconsistent with its sexual theme of frustration and imaginary fulfilment. Partly it was the dream of soaring above the mass of ordinary mortals.

[1] Leonardo da Vinci: The Tragic Pursuit of Perfection, by Antonina Vallentin. Translated by E. W. Dickes. New York: The Viking Press. 573 pages, illustrated. $3.75.

It bears, I think, an obvious relation to Leonardo's project for building ideal cities, as presented to Lodovico Sforza. At that time—about 1490—Leonardo was living in Milan, which was overcrowded with 300,000 people and infested with plagues. He proposed that ten new cities should be built, each with not more than 5,000 houses. In that way, he said, "you will distribute the masses of humanity, who live crowded together like herds of goats, filling the air with stench and spreading the seeds of plague and death." These new cities would be on two levels. Every alternate street would be raised six *braccia* (about twelve feet) above the ground and would be lined with the houses of wealthy citizens. All industry, all wheeled traffic and all the dwellings of the poor would be on the lower streets, from which their noise and smell could not rise to the quiet and spacious houses of that upper city where Leonardo himself would live.

Growing older, he felt a deeper and deeper aversion not only for the workers but for the whole human species. He hated manual labor, even in the arts; that is why he preferred a painter's life to that of a sculptor, who, he said, "runs with sweat as he stands in front of his work, his face is covered with white marble dust, his studio is dirty and disorderly." Leonardo hated the smell of his fellow men (and observe that the nose, in most people, is the organ of class consciousness). He hated the process of digestion, which he connected in his mind with "the unlearned and the ignorant." "There are men," he said, "who deserve to be called nothing else than passages for food, augmenters of filth and fillers of privies." He was repelled by the thought of love between the sexes. "The act of procreation and the members that serve it are so abhorrent that if it were not for the beauty of faces and the adornment of the actors and the pent-up impulse, nature would lose the human species."

In such moods he suggests Dean Swift, but with a difference, for Swift was a humanitarian turned sour whereas Leonardo was really anti-human. This, I think, is the sinister quality that so many critics have found in his work. There was something profoundly heartless even in his interest in anatomy. Once he sat for days at the bedside of a very old man, "free from fat and juices which interfere with the recognition of the various parts": Leonardo was waiting for him to die so that he could dissect him.

It is true that he also hated war, which he described as "most bestial madness"—*bestialissima pazzia*. From this Edward MacCurdy, the editor of the Notebooks, tries to build up a picture of Leonardo as a pacifist. But in that case, why did he invent so many engines of destruction? The truth seems to be that he regarded war as one more instance of the wickedness and folly of the human animal. He dreamed of—he even described in detail—great catastrophes in which the race of men would be exterminated. "O earth!" he exclaimed, "What delays thee to open and hurl them headlong into the deep fissures of thy huge abysses and caverns, and no longer to display in the sight of heaven so savage and ruthless a monster?"

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Mankind would go downwards into the abyss, but Leonardo would rise toward the heavens, soaring on great wings. . . . The dream of imitating the flight of birds goes back to his childhood. "To write thus clearly of hawks would seem to be my destiny," he said in a passage that Freud has interpreted at great length, "because in the earliest recollections of my infancy it seemed to me when I was in the cradle that a hawk came down and opened my mouth with its tail." Later, when he designed his first crude flying machine, he patterned it after a bird of prey, a hawk or an eagle. He considered several different mechanisms for raising his great bird into the air; in the course of his researches he seems to have invented a helicopter and a parachute, besides discovering the basic principles of aerodynamics. His final model, a sort of glider, was so carefully designed that it may well have been capable of sustaining itself in the air for seconds or even minutes. Leonardo planned to launch it from the top of Monte Cecero—Swan Hill—near Fiesole. He was so confident of success that he wrote on the cover of the notebook where, in his secret handwriting, he had been recording his studies in aviation, "The great bird will take its first flight—on the back of its great swan—filling the whole world with stupor, filling all writings with its renown, and eternal glory to the nest where it was born."

Closely related to Leonardo's dream of flying was another dream of attaining absolute perfection. Almost every serious artist has felt the same desire, that of creating something so completely self-contained and so harmonious in all its inner relations that it rises above this imperfect world, that it escapes mortality. In Leonardo the desire was carried to its utmost limits. Mme. Vallentin describes his work, in her subtitle, as "the tragic search for perfection." In this she is following the lead of his own immediate successors. Said Vasari: "Of a truth there is good reason to believe that the very greatness of his most exalted mind, aiming at more than could be effected, was itself an impediment; perpetually seeking to add excellence to excellence and perfection to perfection." Said Lomazzo, "Whenever Leonardo came to work on a picture he seemed to be filled with fear. And so he could finish nothing that he began, for he was filled with the sense of the nobility of art, so that he discovered errors in pictures which others acclaimed as wonderful."

The great bird that never rose from its great swan was only one tragedy of an always tragic career. Indeed, one might compile a list of his failures even longer than the previous list of his achievements. Thus, his two boldest works of art were the great horse for Lodovico Sforza and the battle picture for the Florentines. One ended as a plaster cast, a target for the French archers; the other ended as a color sketch, since lost, and an angry blob of paint on the walls of the council chamber. All his pupils were mediocre craftsmen; Mme. Vallentin says that it seemed to be his destiny "to unsettle the young artists who crossed his path." Some critics believe that he ushered in the decadence of Italian art. Among his hundreds of paper inventions, only a few were ever constructed, and only two that Mme. Vallentin mentions—a lamp and perhaps a windmill—were actually used by his countrymen. All his scientific discoveries were hidden in the secret right-to-left handwriting of his Notebooks, which were first completely deciphered and published in 1883. The history of science would have been the same if Leonardo had never lived. His ideal cities remained on paper, as did his plan for draining the Pontine Marshes. His great canal to divert the Arno—for which he invented elevators and cranes and made the first labor-motion studies—was abandoned when half finished. Of all the great structures that he dreamed, the palaces, the fortresses, the temples, not a single one was ever built—not even his design for an improved bawdy house, with three separate entrances through which respectable citizens could slip in without being seen.

It would be interesting to study the causes of his successive failures. Many of them—most notably "The Battle of Anghiari"—were due to the wrong choice of materials, in which he took less interest than in esthetic and mechanical principles. Still others were due to the psychological weaknesses—or perhaps the excessive virtues—of Leonardo himself. Having solved a problem, he moved on to others, without waiting to see his solution realized in paint or stone. But I think that most of his failures were due to his lack of human sympathy, to his inability to understand people either as individuals or in the mass. Continually he misjudged the political situation—which, for example, made it absolutely impossible for Lodovico Sforza, who needed his bronze for cannon, to spare 300,000 pounds of it for casting an heroic horse. The Arno canal could never be completed, given the political aims of Florence, and so it was with a host of other projects. Leonardo despised the race of men, did not bother to learn what they wanted; and it is as if, in his failures, mankind was exacting its revenge.

To the next generation he left very little—no books, no monuments, no children, only a bright legend, and ten or a dozen pictures, most of them finished by other hands or finished not at all. But his legacy to our own times is curious and troubling. Partly it consists in his personality, which still fascinates and repels us—and meanwhile tempts us to discuss his failings instead of his vast achievement. Chiefly it consists in the method he applied not only in his paintings, but with equal success in his inventions and his scientific studies. On this subject, the great essay was written by Paul Valéry; you will find it in his "Variety," published here in 1927. He suggests that Leonardo's secret lay in his search throughout nature for symmetrical patterns, for a universal "principle of ornament."

But there is one feature of the method that Valéry fails to mention. It is implicit in Leonardo's directions to the artist: "For making a dragon. Take for its head that of a mastiff or setter, for its eyes those of a cat, for its ears those of a porcupine, for its nose that of a grayhound, with the eyebrows of a lion, the wattles of an old rooster and the neck of a turtle." Out of the simplest and homeliest elements, Leonardo was prepared to construct a monster that would frighten the world. His scientific problems, too, were approached with the simplest and homeliest of tools. The results in many fields were amazing, even miraculous, but every step in the process was as clear as his directions for making a dragon. This is an age when we are losing our belief in the virtues of specialization. We feel the need for an intelligence like Leonardo's that can disregard the artificial boundaries dividing the fields of knowledge. But our universal man, if he appears, will I hope be closer to the universal race of men. His triumphs are likely to be based on the social rather than the mechanical sciences.

MALCOLM COWLEY

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The War of the Banks

Democracy in the Making, by Hugh Russell Fraser. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 334 pages. $3.50.

ONE OF THE GRAND THEMES in the history of the struggle for democracy on American soil is the perennial fight of popular government to retain or regain control over its monetary, banking and credit facilities. The same theme was prominent in colonial and Revolutionary days; it was foremost in Greenback and Populist times; it absorbed the attention of Progressives and Wilsonians, and it confronts us today. Mr. Fraser is correct in fastening upon this theme as the dominant one in the period from 1834 to 1844, for in no period was the struggle more crucial than in that decade. His sympathies are frankly with Jackson rather than with Clay and the Whigs who followed Clay's leadership. Yet this fact does not prevent him from writing a readable and stirring story of the most recriminatory of the fights between the two forces, nor from correcting many prominent misapprehensions about the period.

The persistent attitude toward Jackson's war on the Bank of the United States, in spite of some scholarly dissent, has been to view it as a misguided crusade of the old Indian fighter in which both sides employed questionable tactics. The Bank is generally pictured as a "well managed" institution that "rendered valuable service," and any view to the contrary is likely to be (and has been) pronounced "the outgrowth of ignorance and prejudice." Beginning his account with the depression of 1834, following Taney's order removing government funds from the Bank, Mr. Fraser makes out a good case for his contention that much of the distress was due to the deliberate design of Nicholas Biddle, president of the "mother bank." The author's thorough research in the Biddle Papers at Washington and the papers of the banker's contemporaries furnishes ample and incontestable evidence of systematic corruption of public opinion through a subsidized press and the not very subtle control of Congressmen by loans made on inadequate security. Not so well known is the author's evidence that, far from being "well managed," the Bank was systematically looted for years by its officers.

The second round in the struggle came when the Whigs attempted to restore the old banking system during the administration of Tyler. Since the appearance of a cluster of revisionary estimates of Andrew Johnson a few years ago, no presidential myth has been in greater need of attention than that attached to the name of John Tyler. Like Johnson, Tyler succeeded to the presidency from the vice-presidency, refused to become yes-man to party bosses, and was forthwith branded a traitor and a turncoat. Historians have tended to perpetuate the prejudices of Tyler's enemies. Mr. Fraser has made a welcome step toward correcting our understanding of this neglected figure. Tyler's series of vetoes that halted the Whig attempts to restore the Bank to the control of private monopoly appear as acts of courage and intelligence after he is cleared of the charges made by former members of his Cabinet. The author does not pretend to complete the revision yet necessary to an understanding of Tyler, and important questions still remain unanswered. One might even question the wisdom of linking the name of Tyler with that of Jackson in the "making" of democracy—in a time when democracies cannot be too careful about the selection of their heroes.

Obviously Mr. Fraser did not attempt to write a history of the Jackson, Van Buren and Tyler era, nor to present the wide social, economic and intellectual forces that contributed to the making of democracy. Unfortunately, the title that he, or his publishers, selected, has laid him open to charges of neglecting the greater part of his task. These charges are the more regrettable because they have obscured the real contributions the book does make. Undoubtedly, too, the dramatic and episodic style of historical narrative has pitfalls that might better have been avoided. Compensating for these failings are Mr. Fraser's aggressive truth-telling, his relentless exposure of hypocrisy and his keen eye for the rogue.

C. VANN WOODWARD

From Cortez to Cárdenas

A History of Mexico, by Henry Bamford Parkes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 444 pages. $3.75.

FROM TIME TO TIME people tell me: "I can't make head or tail of the Mexican situation. Is there a good book on the subject?" Invariably I hesitate, mention several books and magazine articles that would be helpful, slyly remark that I am writing a book myself and finally confess that so far no such book exists. From now on, however, I shall be able to dismiss the subject with a brief word: "Read Parkes's 'History of Mexico.'"

Professor Parkes has combined genuine scholarship with other qualities which are still rare in the academic world, especially that section of it devoted to the study of Hispanic America. He sets forth the full sweep of Mexican history, from the first migrations of man to the new world to Cedillo's revolt against the Cárdenas government, as a living, organic and meaningful process. Thus the discovery of America is treated not as an accident but as a result of forces inevitably set in motion by the breakdown of medievalism in Europe. The Spanish conquest becomes more than a military or even political feat; it is the impact on the Western hemisphere of a feudal and theocratic civilization which, blending easily with the most advanced native cultures, was destined to perpetuate in America that very medievalism whose decline made possible the conquest. From then on, the course of Mexican history is represented as a slow, painful development, "a spiral and not a circle," away from Indo-Hispanic feudalism toward a modern way of life—secular, industrial and national.

With his firm grasp of the basic, generating factors of Mexico's history, Mr. Parkes can distinguish between the superficial and intrinsic importance of events; he can treat politics, economics, art, literature, religion and the everyday habits of the people as related phenomena; he can evaluate quite dispassionately the faults and the virtues of the clergy, generals, national heroes, labor leaders and dictators. Thus, although he devotes only a tenth of the book to the period after the Revolution of 1910-20, he is able by sharp, brief analysis and illuminating references to the past, to present an unusually clear and significant picture of the contemporary Mexican scene.

With a large subject compressed into a single volume, Mr. Parkes is naturally open to criticism involving omis-

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sions, hasty judgments and inadequate emphasis. Actually, however, it would be mere quibbling to debate with him such matters as the role of the Aztec plebeians in the defeat of Montezuma by Cortéz, the importance of Zapata's *Plan de Ayala* or the pedagogic and literary merits of José Vasconcelos. Mr. Parkes has given us a remarkably well balanced and sound interpretation of Mexican history, one that is sensitive to the drama and color of events and to human values, and is written in a warm, simple and lucid prose.

MAURICE HALPERIN

John Strachey's Calling Card

Hope in America, by John Strachey. New York: Modern Age Books. 215 pages. 50 cents.

IT WOULD BE PROFITABLE to read a book by John Strachey about the United States. He has exceptional qualifications for the job: a facility for critical analysis, a solid fund of political and economic knowledge and the ability to set forth the essentials of a complicated problem in disarmingly simple English. He knows about the United States, too, by virtue of the five visits he has paid us (when we have been gracious enough to let him in past Ellis Island) and by the close attention he gives us from his home grounds in England. You would expect his latest book, "Hope in America," to be the filled order. But it is not.

With the exception of a few chapters, three about the New Deal and two about what socialism in the United States would be like, this book is simply a Marxist primer on any capitalist society at its present stage. Its outlines fit the United States, to be sure, because they are very general and because capitalism's growth and decline follow a uniform pattern the world around. With a little careful editing and deletions, other editions of the book could be published as "Hope in France," "Hope in Sweden" or "Hope in Australia and New Zealand." If any considerable number of people, not already familiar with the way this analysis goes, are likely to read Strachey's book, his compilation of fundamentals was worth doing.

Most of "Hope in America" must have been written before Munich. Considering the high mortality rate of manuscripts this year, the book has stayed quite fresh. But it is hard to read, in December, such phrases as: ". . . everyone in Europe who in the least understands the situation is bending all his energies to induce or drive the other governments of the world to make a united stand against Fascist aggression," or ". . . the American people, strictly for their own sakes, would be well advised to take part in the movement of all free peoples to stop the Fascists before they become so strong that. . . ." And some of the facts are just wrong. Mr. Strachey describes the Japanese boycott in the United States as "well organized, extensive and effective . . . a factor of the very first importance in hampering the aggressive effort of Japan."

The errors in fact or in interpretation, however, are relatively unimportant. With them, Mr. Strachey's picture of the way America is going remains far more accurate than most home-grown current histories. The disappointment is in the thought of the book this might have been if Strachey had written closer to the subject.

BRUCE BLIVEN JR.

Fin de Siècle

The Paderewski Memoirs, by Ignace Jan Paderewski and Mary Lawton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 414 pages. $3.75.

THE LAST PIANIST who wrote well was Richard Wagner —and he was not a very good pianist. The Paderewski memory book (later memoirs in preparation) is fluttery, discursive, slightly sentimental and intensely interesting as only the unconscious self-revelation of a great artist can be. Paderewski is an old man, but his opinions are even older. His great love, after Chopin, is still the British ruling class; his appreciations are those of the early *fin de siècle* celebrity, the friend of Alma-Tadema and Burne-Jones, Joachim and Leschetizky, d'Albert and Hans von Bülow. He loved Arthur Balfour, but was surprised at "his intimate knowledge of different philosophical schools." He thinks that there are no actors today capable of playing Shakespeare. He doesn't like trade unions, he has more than a touch of the Polish national disease of anti-Semitism, and he simply adored Porfirio Diaz, just the man for the Mexican rabble.

The present memoirs take Paderewski up to the threshold of his political career, and tell very little of his political commitments. But they suggest the role that he was to play at Versailles in behalf of the fledgling Polish state. Paderewski has been above all else the celebrity, first a name and then a pianist. With his flowing mane, his India-rubber name, his talent for publicity, the Steinway piano, three hundred years of Polish revolutionary sentiment behind him, he satisfied the general public's conception of what a pianist should be as no one since Liszt and Rubenstein has done. He came in just when the great pianists of the nineteenth century were on their way out, but he arrived not too late to catch the sparks that fell from Brahms, Clara Schumann, von Bülow and Saint-Saëns. He has always thought of himself as a span between two eras, and in fact has been the valedictorian of the one and the early giant of the other.

Paderewski was born into the poor Polish gentry, and he has never forgotten the pain of his ascent. To me the most important single fact in his biography, as in Shaw's, is the heart-stricken urgency of his ambition. He was not acclaimed until he was well up in his twenties (the ordinary time sense doesn't go for musicians who begin very early), and he was pushed around a good deal, forced to teach in provincial conservatories and successively urged to turn to the trombone and the violin. It was Leschetizky, the greatest of piano mentors, who gave him his start, though he was never a formal Leschetizky disciple. Success then came theatrically, with a sudden violence. He became the pet of noble English drawing-rooms, an international traveler and the special favorite of the American public. Music critics, who were not such sycophants at the turn of the century as they are now, occasionally poked their fingers at him, but from Moscow to Los Angeles the Padarooski dazzle left the customers gasping in the aisles. Even when he became just another excellent pianist, he remained a synonym. There is a good story that you won't find in this anecdote-stuffed book. Josef Hofmann once took Moritz Rosenthal to hear the great man play when he was well on in his career. That demon listened. "He's pretty good, but he's no Paderewski," he said.

ALFRED KAZIN

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Of Men and Mice

Social Thought from Lore to Science, by Harry Elmer Barnes and Howard Becker. New York: D. C. Heath and Company. 2 vols., 1,370 pages. $9.50.

THESE TWO massive volumes are the culmination of twenty years' planning, research and frequently interrupted labors on the part of the indefatigable Dr. Barnes and his collaborators, of whom Dr. Becker has been the most industrious. Taken together they provide what is unquestionably the most exhaustive and stimulating source book on the origins, trends and significance of social thought available in the English language. The first volume, of greater interest to the non-specialist reader, is a broad, lucidly written survey of sociological attitudes and philosophies from "pre-literate" times to the epoch of Spengler, Toynbee, Max Weber and P. A. Sorokin. Close to a thousand names are brought into the story, and fifty fine-type pages of notes serve further to clarify and document the narrative. In Volume II the more specialized student will find an account of sociological trends in twenty-three different countries, including the Far East but excluding numerous South American countries, which are treated as a whole. Criticisms on points of detail, interpretation and emphasis (why should Lester Ward receive fuller treatment than Thorstein Veblen?) may be expected, but to students in a dozen fields of research it will prove indispensable, and to the general reader a mine of information covering sixty centuries of man's thinking on human and social problems.

The Social Life of Animals, by W. C. Allee. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 292 pages, illustrated. $3.

THE DOCTRINE of Mutual Aid, given popular currency a generation ago by the Russian anarchist, Prince Peter Kropotkin, was soon dissolved by the acids of scientific analysis, leaving behind only a small but tough residue of facts. These facts, gradually assembled from a vast range of biological phenomena, both natural and experimental; classified, organized, unceasingly checked against cautiously formulated theory, are now the subject matter of the science of Ecology, which means the study of organisms in relation to their physical environment.

Professor Allee has written an admirably simple and informative account of the numerous ways in which plants and animals build up systems of "mass protection" against hostile external forces. The concepts of "animal aggregates" and of optimum populations are illustrated by examples—that of the now extinct Massachusetts heath hen is very striking—which prove that such a thing as isolation is not only extremely rare in the organic domain but also definitely lethal when the number of individuals drops below a certain minimum, or reaches the stage of overcrowding.

The larger human and social implications of Professor Allee's data are briefly touched upon in the two final chapters. The author is firmly convinced that there is no warrant in nature for the belief that war is, in itself, anything but a destructive and thoroughly wasteful substitute for the slower and more massive processes of evolution: especially within a given species. He believes that by proper use of our present agricultural knowledge the world could easily be made to support ten times its present population.

Experimental Psychology, by Robert S. Woodworth. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 900 pages. $5.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS went into the writing of this magnum opus by one of America's most eminent psychologists—twenty-five years of burrowing into every nook and cranny of human behavior, of the gathering and organizing of vast stores of observations about our little egos—and the result, for the average literate mortal who turns over these scholarly but monotonous pages, is still an emphatic question mark.

The reason for this, quite aside from Dr. Woodworth's deliberate avoidance of the popular approach, is the unrelieved emphasis upon the purely mechanical processes involved in learning, memory, stimulus-and-response, sensory reactions, problem-solving, attention, reading, judgment and "thinking." There is an intentional omission of virtually every factor in any way touching upon man's social life. Individual differences, child development, social, educational and applied psychology are deliberately passed over, leaving us to wonder just what, after all, is the value of an "experimental" psychology which completely isolates the individual from his environment—even though Dr. Woodworth himself recognizes that the environment is vital in any true understanding of the Self.

It is a real pity that a volume so rich in piecemeal data and in suggestions for future research, should be so utterly lacking in a synthesis that might point the way out of, as well as through, the chaos still brooding over the entire domain of psychology.

HAROLD WARD

The Winter Issue of

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New Books: A Reader's List

FRANCE FACES DEPOPULATION, by Joseph J. Spengler (Duke University Press, $3). Taking the classic example of France, and resolutely attacking a maze of data, Professor Spengler has written the most authoritative monograph available in English on the population problems confronting most European nations. The author believes that "the political philosophy of the pro-populationists [in France] is in substance fascistic" and that only "a revolutionary alteration of the present-day pattern of income distribution . . . and a significant reallocation of politico-economic power" will put France in the way of a real solution of her population difficulties.

ONE-FIFTH OF MANKIND, by Anna Louise Strong (Modern Age, 50 cents). Miss Strong compares China's struggle for national liberation to our war of independence, with the guerilla tactics of Marion's men finding their counterpart in the mobile operations of the Eighth Route Army behind Japanese lines. A brief but comprehensive survey of the Chinese war, admirably suited to those who read as they ride.

POWDER RIVER: LET 'ER BUCK, by Struthers Burt (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50). One of "The Rivers of America" series and one of the worst. Mr. Burt, who had for his material one of the most interesting rivers and one of the most exciting sections of the country to write about, seems to have deliberately tried—since he has considerable skill as a craftsman—to turn out a book of Wild West non-fiction. But the ejaculatory sentences don't ring out like revolver shots.

PAGEANT OF THE STATES, by Ernest Sutherland Bates and Herman S. Schiff (Random House, $2). For the World's Fair audience. Each state presented in a character sketch and a map of resources and industries. The text is interesting, the maps colorful—and sometimes inaccurate. For example, they omit marble in Vermont, clothing in New York, copper and iron in Michigan, iron in Minnesota, etc.; they show silver in South Dakota, which has little, but not in Idaho, the country's largest producer.

REMEMBER THE END, by Agnes Sligh Turnbull (Macmillan, $2.50). One more young man climbs the ladder from farm hand to king of the Pennsylvania coal fields. On the way he keeps his Scotch accent and his wife, loses his son and presumably his soul. The author is very much at home with her material, but what she adds to it is not enough to distinguish her novel from others with the same general theme.

O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES OF 1938, edited by Harry Hansen (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). Richard Wright easily tops the list with his tale of Negro revolt, full-bodied and well told. Also a nice, semi-crazy comedy by Daniel Fuchs, a Simple Saroyan and an Albert Maltz. Not a very spirited collection.

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Contributors

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ALFRED KAZIN is working on a critical history of American literature since 1890, for fall publication.

HAROLD WARD'S special interest is in the social implications of science and technology, a subject on which he contributes frequently to several periodicals.

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